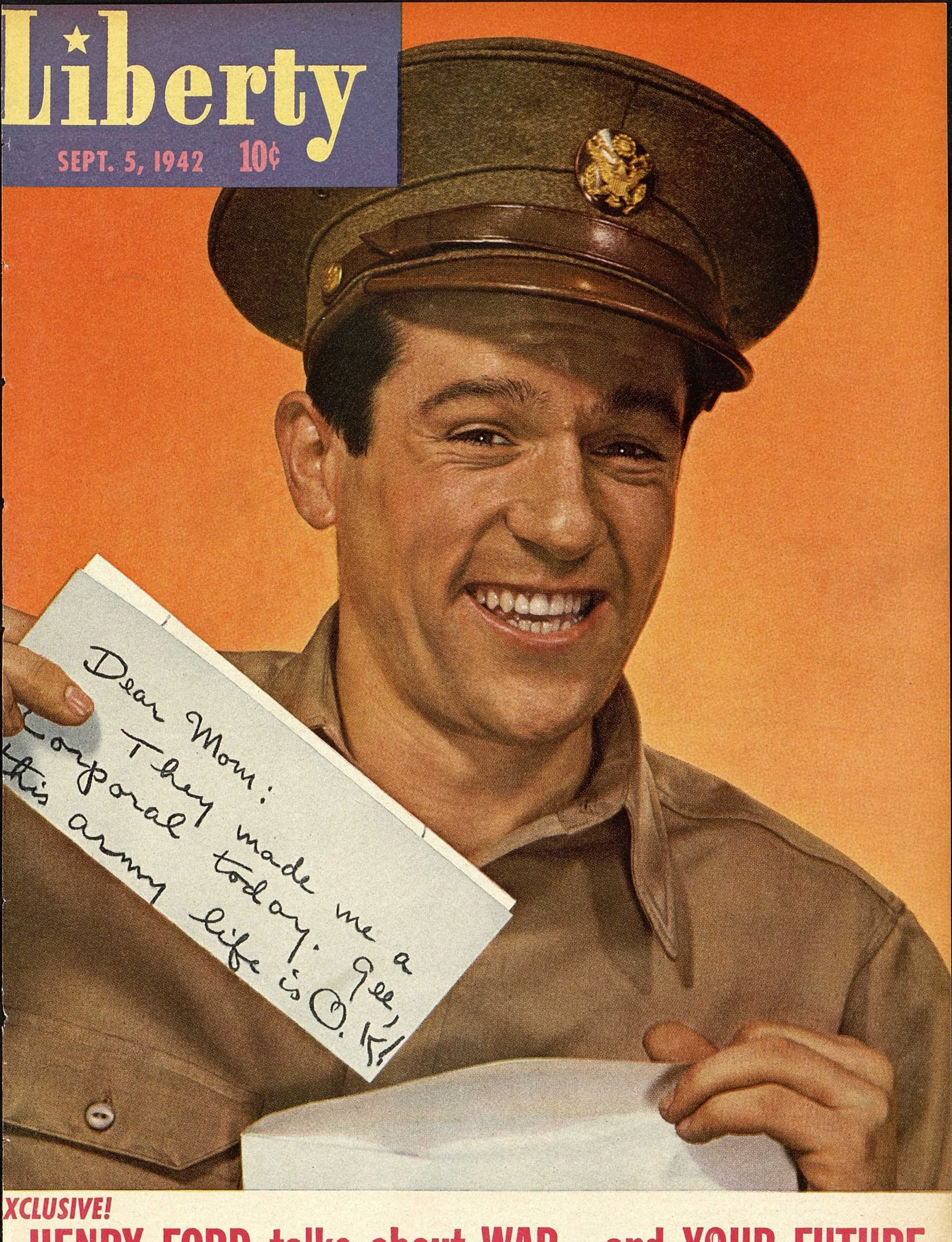
Liberty

SEPT. 5, 1942 10¢


Dear Mom:
They made me a
Corporal today. Gee,
this army life is O.K.!

XCLUSIVE!

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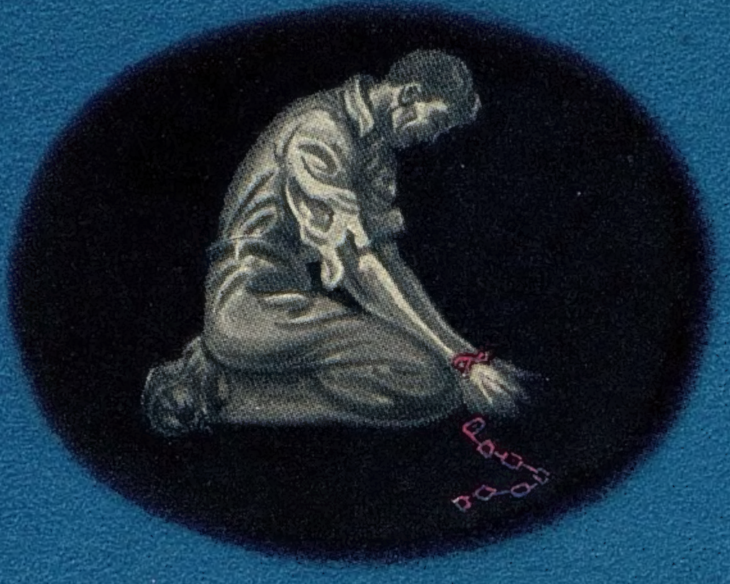

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I'll give up big, overtime pay.

I'll give up big profits.

I'll give up my life, if necessary.

But I'll *never* stop fighting for those principles of Liberty that have made this country great!

Wherever you see the Liberty Emblem — in a coat lapel, on a counter or in a store window, you will know that an American is saying:

"I Am Making Winning the War MY Job"

Actual Size

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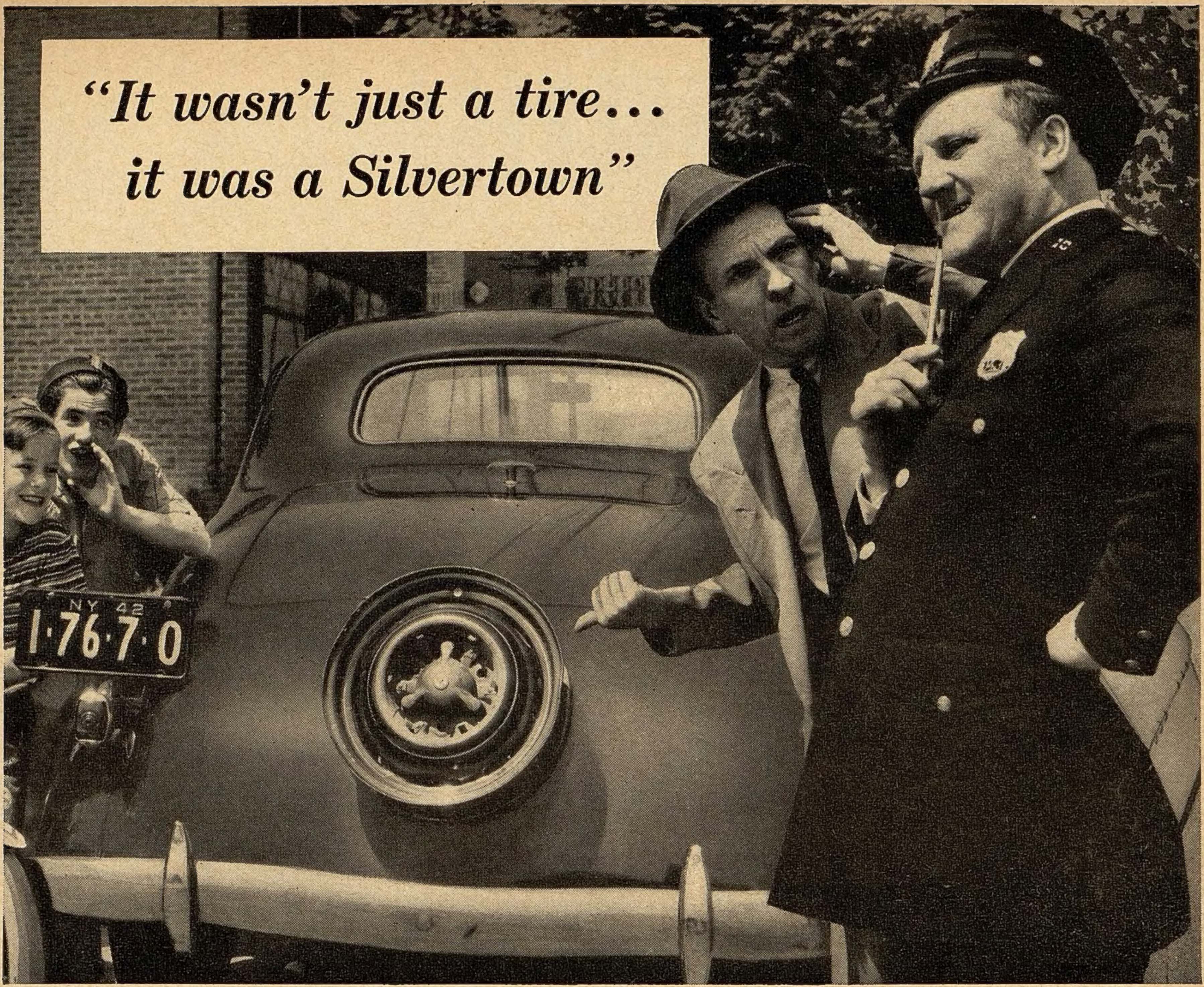

"It wasn't just a tire... it was a Silvertown"

YOU can't blame a fellow for getting worked up at a time like this. After all, Silvertowns have been America's top tires for a lot of years. And today it's more important than ever to have a tire you can trust. For nobody knows how long your tires may have to last.

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What about synthetic? We're making it —more of it every day. Two years ago we sold Silvertown tires, made with our Ameripol, to hundreds of people and companies that wanted to help get America's synthetic rubber program started. And these tires were good. Many went well over 20,000 miles.

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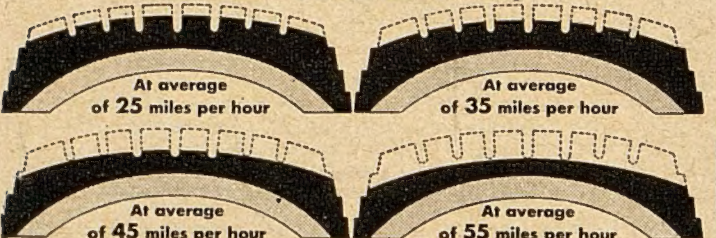
So take care of your tires as you would any other treasure. It's true that many still waste rubber. But not the *smart* ones. They know that every mile saved brings victory a little closer!

IMPORTANT! *America right now needs scrap rubber, scrap iron and steel. Throw your scrap into the fight. Turn it over to the scrap collection agencies.*

HOW SPEED WEARS OUT YOUR TIRES

DOTTED LINES SHOW RELATIVE AMOUNT OF RUBBER WORN OFF WITH ALL TIRES DRIVEN SAME DISTANCE



At average of 25 miles per hour
At average of 35 miles per hour
At average of 45 miles per hour
At average of 55 miles per hour

FREE 48-PAGE BOOKLET, "Will America Have to Jack Up its 29,000,000 Automobiles?" Write the B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. LY-9, Akron, Ohio

In war or peace
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FIRST* IN RUBBER
B.F.Goodrich
Silvertown

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber*

IF HITLER MARCHES DOWN YOUR STREET TONIGHT

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Naturally there flashes across your mind many a plan for the quick annihilation of the mad man from Berlin. Yet, no matter how brave you may be, your chances of placing a finger on the fanatical Fuehrer are nil. Hitler himself would take care of that. Hitler himself would take *care* of you. Yes, he would take care of you the same way he took care of the men, women and children of Poland—of Norway—of Czechoslovakia—of Holland—of Belgium—of Denmark—of France—of Greece, etc.

Perhaps you've forgotten what happened before we actually got into this war. Perhaps your conception of this entire conflict is muddled by the day-to-day news bulletins.

Now, the *complete* background of this war has been brought into sharp focus by John Paul Adams in his remarkable book *War Comes to US*. Here is an unforgettable collection of over 250 gripping . . . dramatic . . . shocking pictures that forever damns those who craftily planned this war.

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What They Did in Czechoslovakia

★

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THIS WEEK

SEPTEMBER 5, 1942

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NEXT WEEK

SEPTEMBER 12, 1942

WE HAVE THE GUTS TO WIN, SAYS VICE-PRESIDENT WALLACE

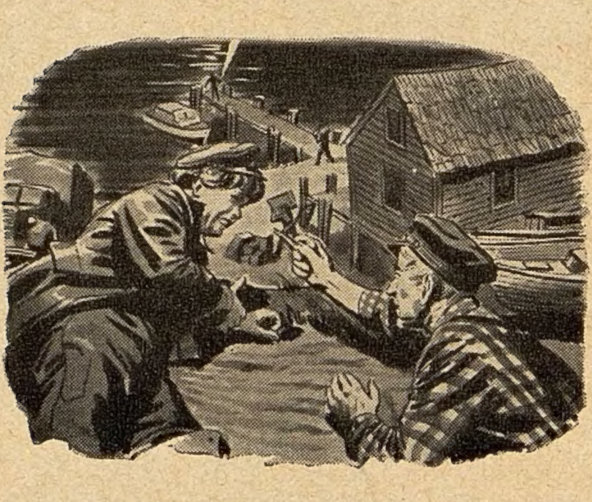
In a stirring special article, written for next week's issue, the Vice-President not only states but *explains* his confidence of victory over the Axis. It is the most vigorous document he has penned to date.

WHAT WILL OUR WORLD BE LIKE AFTER THE WAR?

Frederick L. Collins has been haunting laboratories and assembly lines, getting facts from famous engineers—and has come back with an amazing but scientific and factual picture of the future. It will open your eyes.

WHEN BESSIE ARBRUSTER WENT FISHING

she caught a U-boat! These days, when submarines prowl the Atlantic coast, strange things happen. We are revealing no military secret: This is fiction—a lively story by Ronald G. Sercombe, introducing a colorful, salty character in a surprising adventure. You'll like Bessie Arbruster.



DR. GEORGE GALLUP REPORTS THE NATION'S CHALLENGE TO LABOR

What is the prevailing American attitude toward organized labor? What do the people really think of the unions? The conductor of the Gallup Polls gives you impartial, arresting facts based on his nation-wide survey of opinion. A revelation of prime importance to every one in the U. S. A.

AND: Jack Sher contributes a vivid close-up of a 1942 hero—a war worker on the home front, pictured in words and photographs. . . . Bill Cunningham, who knows his baseball, tells the inside story of "Ducky" Medwick and what that famous "duster" ball really did to his career. . . . Samuel Grafton, eminent columnist, continues the Roosevelt series. . . . Stories, features, fun complete the bill of fare.

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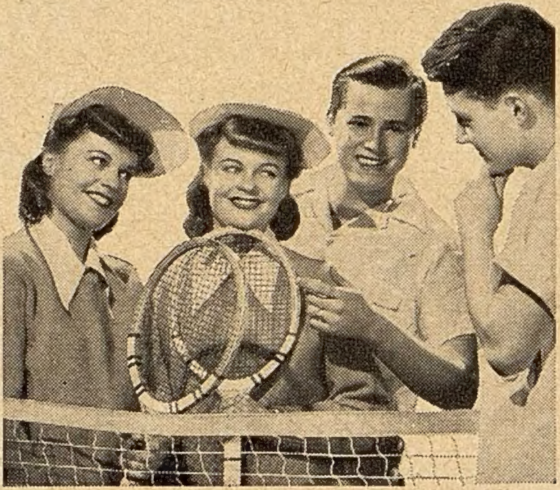
Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Rick of Palatine, Illinois.

They captured the gleam of an electric eye

Rick Twins discover Pepsodent Powder can make teeth far brighter to the naked eye, too!



Photoelectric eye proof of Pepsodent's superior polishing ability convinced scientists. But not the Rick Twins. They wanted to see just how good Pepsodent was without scientific gadgets—when it was used in the practical way—the way anyone would brush teeth. So they tossed a coin to see who would use Pepsodent, and Margaret won. Marilyn chose to test another leading tooth powder.

People always had a hard time telling them apart . . . they were that alike. But that was before the test started. Then, admitted Marilyn, "Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first . . . then amazed that Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it. Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"

. . . and the Rick Twins' dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twins' test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."

Independent laboratory tests found *no other dentifrice* that could match the lustre produced by Pepsodent. By actual test, Pepsodent produces a lustre on teeth *Twice as Bright* as the average of all other leading brands!

PEPSODENT
TOOTH POWDER

Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!

WE, THE PEOPLE, ARE GOIN

WEEK after next we have one of the very important events of our American year. That event is Labor Day.

This year We, the People, want a Labor Day in which *everybody* who works can feel that he has a part, and in which the hardest worked man in America, the President himself, might very well lead the parade.

We, the People, want a Labor Day in which the girl at her typewriter, the bookkeeper in his cubbyhole, the manager in his office, and the man on the production line can all feel equally that they belong, and that they have a right to participate.

What We, the People, want is a *united* United States. And that's what we are going to have!

What we want is a balanced society, made possible by the co-operation of all classes of people, brought together by fair rules to insure the comfort and well-being of all, so that we can, as a people, blend willingly into a perfect union.

We want this perfect union to be not only our hope but the hope of the world. We want this union to be a union of free men and women, proud of their varying origin, unashamed of doubt and hesitation but secure in their knowledge that in the long run no government of great bodies of peoples can hope to live unless it takes into account every last man within its borders.

Here in America we can have such a balanced society of people right now for one reason, and one reason only:

This whole nation is in the midst of its "work period" as a nation.

It does not seem to be generally understood that every nation has a "work period" in its span of life, just as any individual has a "work period" in his span of life. And it just so happens that this is the "work period" in the life of this nation.

Ninety-nine per cent of the people in this count work. We haven't enough leisure class to put in yo eye. Even those who try to form a leisure cla spend most of their time trying to get week-e guests to come out to their estates as an offset their own loneliness.

★ ★ ★

IN order to form this more perfect union we wa to see business begin to manage its own affai so that its own affairs will not have to be manag by government. *Laissez-faire* is either a forei phrase which means little to most of us, or it h to become a re-evaluated phrase which means som thing to all of us.

Translated literally from the French, of cour it means, "You allow us to do." But for a hundr years, translated literally into the fabric of bu ness, it has been the edict of business to governme saying, "You keep your hands off and let us alon

Now, in all fairness to the governments of t world, including America, it is an historical fa that government did keep its hands off as long business was able to regulate itself.

But in all fairness to the American busin world, American business has really tried to cont its own affairs in many outstanding ways; and tens of thousands of concerns has managed to bu up a degree of fairness and an understanding national needs far greater than many people reali

And this, again, is the hope of America. Fo business world running under full steam, self-co trolled and mutually controlling, can do a wonder job for a nation at work.

As we approach this greatest of all Labor Da We, the People, also hope that labor will grow to its full stature, that it will throw off the shack of racketeers, and that its esteemed leaders will

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." *JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN*

O GET TOUGH

tinue to make the same mistakes in the future t many of our business leaders have made in the st. And We, the People, are going to get tough it doesn't work out that way.

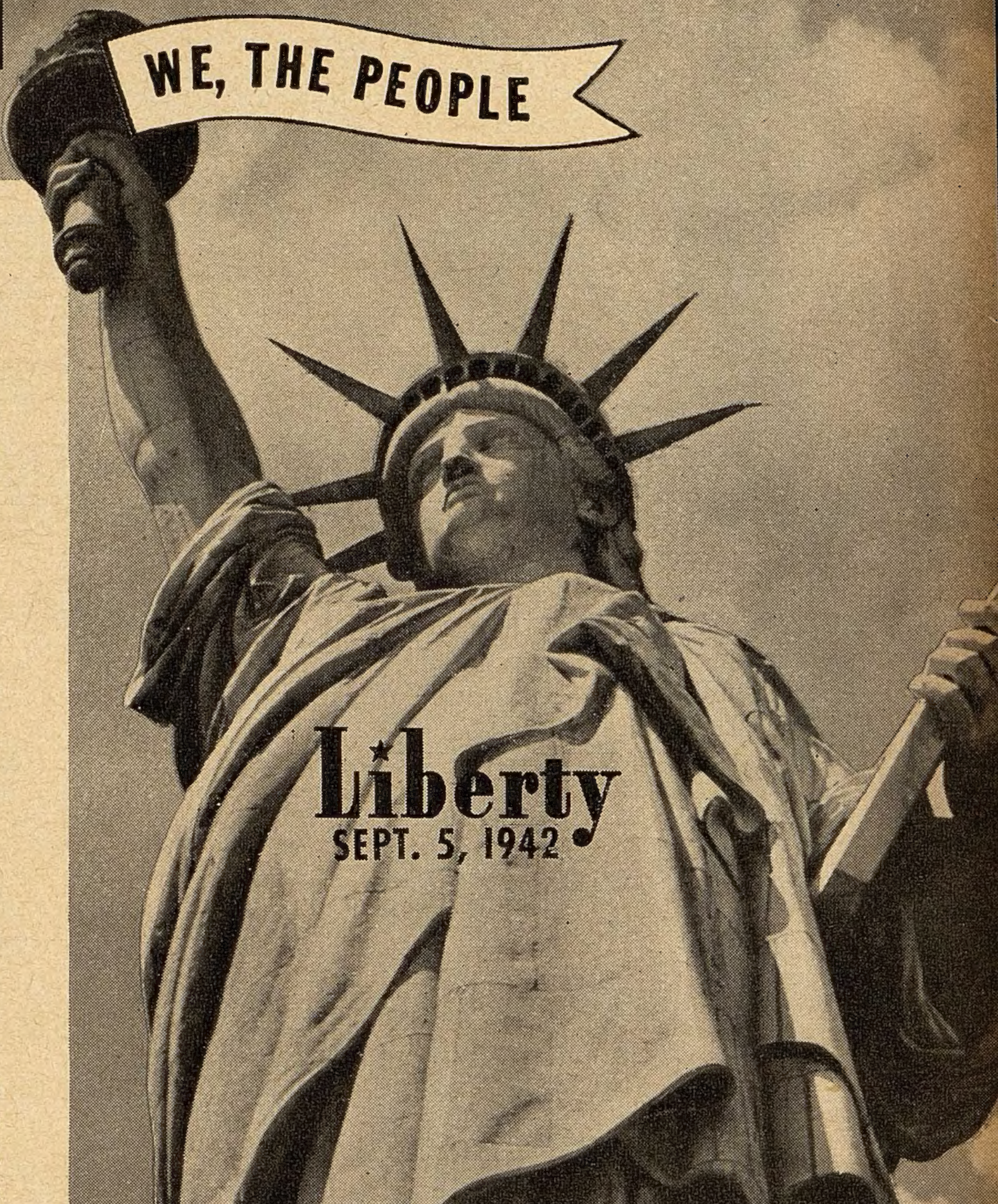
So far as our government is concerned, We, the ople, are a little bit sick of having somebody else cide how much we ought to be told and how much ght to be kept from us, as if we were a lot of ldren in a nursery. We don't like to see an out- nding man answer the call of our President to d up America's national Bureau of Information, e up his job at a hundred thousand dollars a r to give us, the people, the knowledge we ought have, and then be hamstrung by a lot of bureau- ts before he can get well seated in his chair!

★ ★ ★

E don't mean that we want war news that may be of aid and comfort to the enemy. We have er asked for that. But we do mean that we want daily news from a reliable news source instead he daily hooey of some obscure Bureau of Propa- nda which has been set up to decide for us how ch we ought to know or how much we are able ake. We want to know what we are up against ry day. We want to know what more we have do. We want to know how much more we must along without. And we *don't* want important jects stalled along until after the November tions for fear we may vote the wrong way.

his United America Day, to which Liberty will ote the greater part of its issue next week, can the inauguration not only of a United American bor Day but of a United America year and tury.

et none of us forget that this is the "working n" of our national life, and that in this "working n" we *all* participate.



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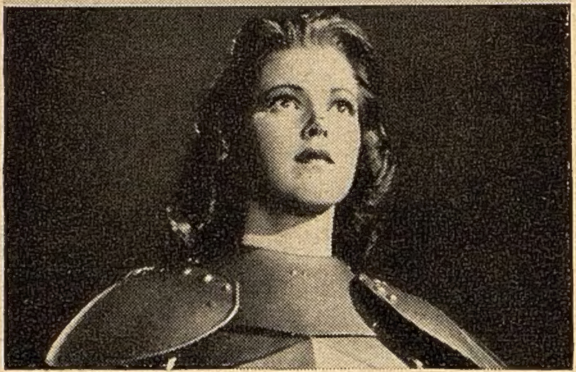
SHE'S ALL THIS . . . and 21 TOO!

A Brand New Brilliant Barrymore!

She's Bewitching! . . . as a 12-year-old imp!

She's Radiant . . . as heroic Joan of Arc!



She's Glamorous! . . . as daring Sadie Thompson!

She's Magnificent! . . . as dynamic Queen Victoria!

Diana **BARRYMORE**

AND

Robert **CUMMINGS**

in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

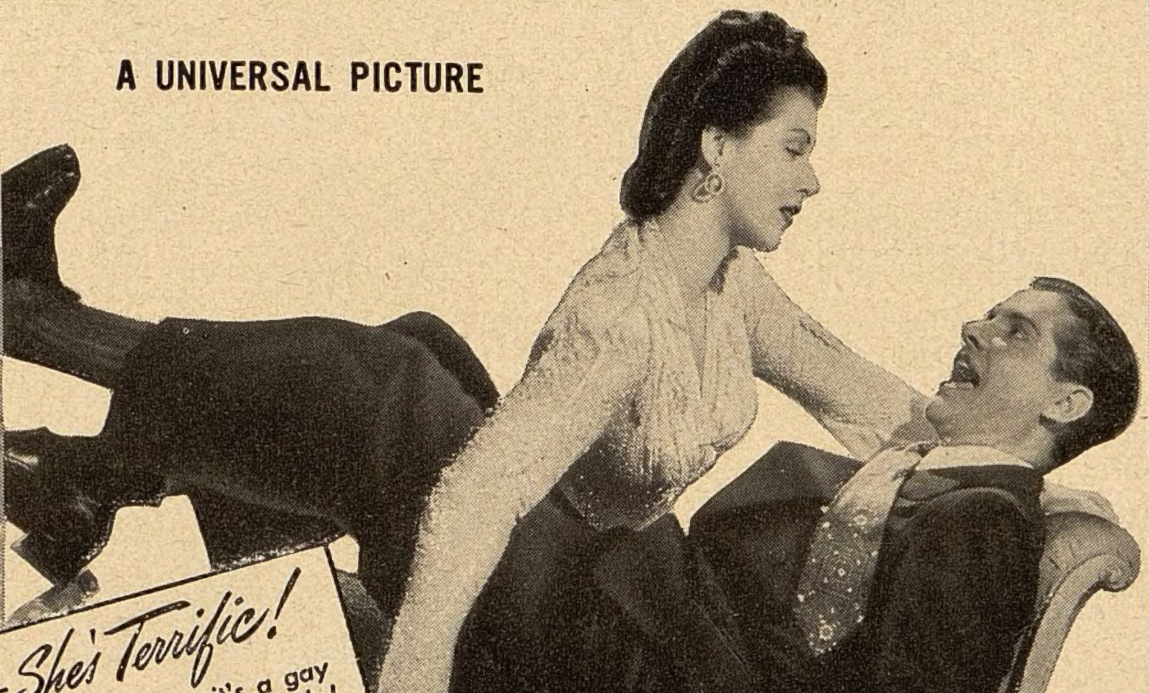
with *Kay* **FRANCIS**

JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT, GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Play, Myles Connolly · True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**
Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



BETWEEN US GUYS—*She's Terrific!*

and when Diana goes all-out for Bob . . . it's a gay and gleesome riot that'll keep you whirling for weeks!

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

JUNGLE GOLD

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

who wrote I Married a Nazi, Tomorrow We March, etc.

Beginning a vivid novel of women's hearts and men's desires and dangerous lives—A romantic tale of adventure in the Amazon rubber forests

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE sounds came out of the harbor late in the morning—a series of snorts followed by a howl. They split the stillness of Manaos like an alarm. When they reached the sidewalk café where John Bartell fingered a glass of cachaça, he looked up quickly. "Waiter," he said, "that's the river boat, isn't it?"

"*Sim, senhor.* The Fortaleza. Always she coughs a little before roaring."

John rose at once, tossing a ten-milreis note on the table, and picked up his helmet. To the Brazilian with whom he had discussed the war he said, "*Perdão, senhor.* I've got to meet the boat."

"You await supplies?"

"No. I await people."

"Ah, people! That is fortunate."

John had been about to turn away, but he paused to give the man a curious look. "Why fortunate?"

"Because the Fortaleza is two days late and the Amazon is hot—and people do not spoil in the heat."

John Bartell smiled at that. He said, "*Adeus, senhor,*" and walked down the avenue with no visible haste—a tall man with a loose-jointed ease of movement that seemed lazy. There were palm and eucalyptus trees to shade the pavement, yet under the wrinkled white suit his body dripped perspiration. He could feel the rivulets wriggle down his back as far as his belt, where they spread to soak his shirt.

At the water front he went down a long ramp to one of the floating docks. The heat wasn't keeping any one away. Brown-skinned *caboclos* waited to earn a few milreis as stevedores, and the usual sight-seers had gathered, too. Where the gangplank would fall, a few Indian peddlers were spreading displays of painted gourds and bits of pottery.

The Fortaleza herself, however, was still a hundred yards away. A fat, wood-burning hulk with asthma, she was having her usual difficulties in coming to rest at the dock. The smell of the livestock she carried preceded her like a miasma. John wondered, with a touch of irritation, why Vicky Latham—and Alfredo Colon, too, for that matter—had chosen to travel this way instead of by plane. Flying, they could have made the trip in nine hours instead of nine days; and by this time he could have had them both on the Toledo Rubber Company's plantation. It seemed inconceivable that the girl had preferred the Fortaleza, with the stench of pigs, cattle, and goats steaming under the Amazon sun.

Then he remembered that Sue Ackerson had said with a smile, "My sister Vicky is one of those impetuous creatures—forever eager for adventure."

The thought of Sue left John Bartell a little uneasy. It always did. But he knew now what he intended to do about her, and he felt firm about it. . . . He shaded his eyes to search the ship's upper deck.

One woman was there among a dozen men—a slender girl in white, rather small, her hair covered by a pith helmet. She waved to the crowd on the dock. Occasionally, when some of the men spoke to her, she tilted back her head to laugh.

So that, John Bartell thought, is Sue's sister.

It took ten minutes for the Fortaleza to be made fast. With Brazilian courtesy the male passengers stepped back, allowing the girl to disembark first. John took off his helmet and pushed through the crowd. He watched her come down the gangplank. She had lively dark eyes in a sun-tanned face, and her hair, he saw now, was of a rich chestnut color, not at all like her sister's pastel gold. He reached her as she stepped to the dock.

"Miss Latham? I'm John Bartell."

She lifted a startled look to his face, almost as bronzed as a native's; to the damp brown hair that tumbled over his forehead. Then her hand flew into his, and her whole face brightened.

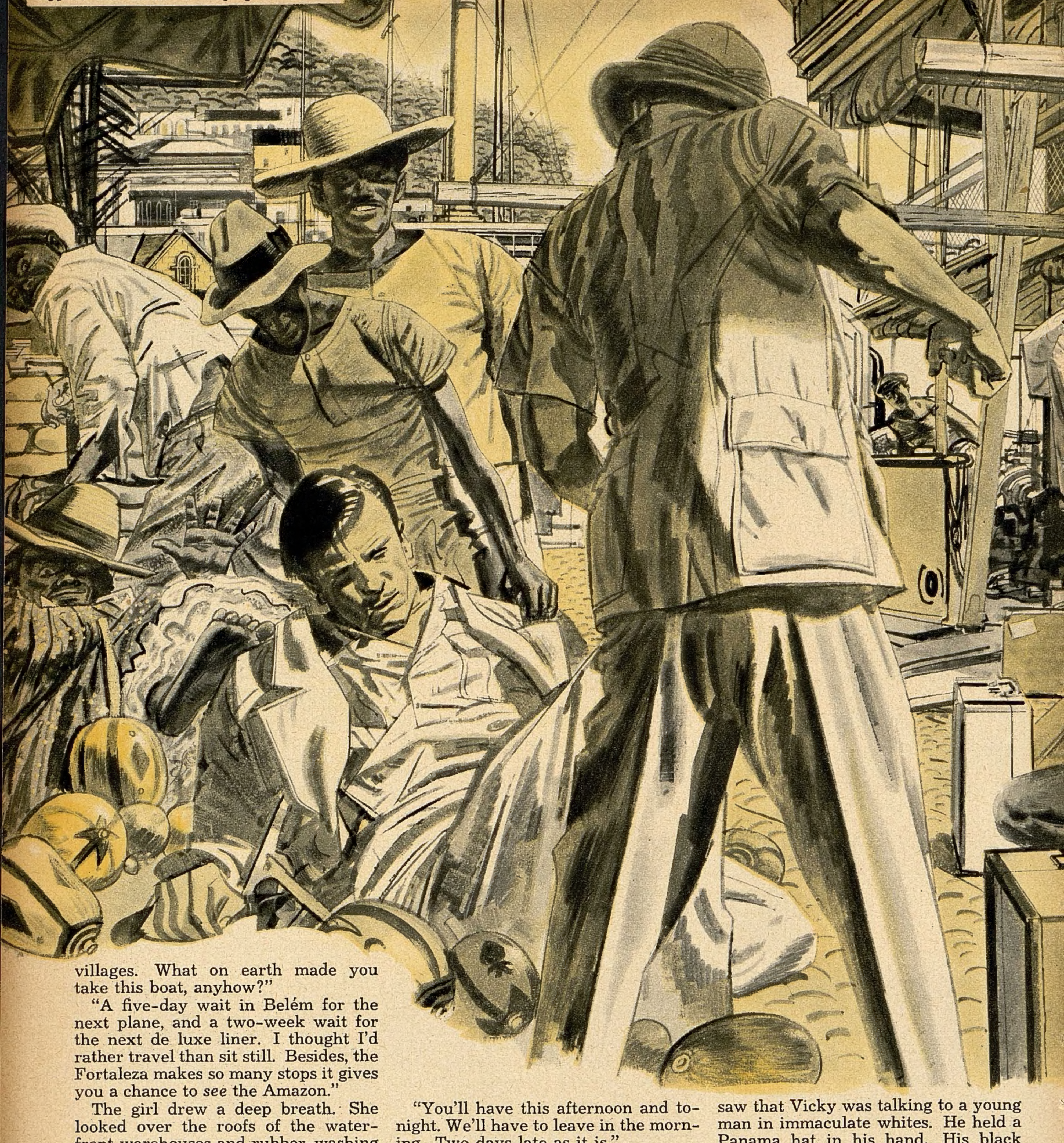
"John Bartell! Of course. Sue's written about you—the man who came to the Amazon for six months and stayed four years."

He couldn't help chuckling. "That's it. The man who couldn't get away from rubber. . . . Well, it's nice having you here." He jerked his head westward. "I'm taking you the rest of the way up the Amazon."

"Don't tell me it's going to be on another Fortaleza—"

"No, just a clean little launch. Our own. We chug along a few days at ten miles an hour and sleep over in native

John swung his fist. The blow caught the corner of Colon's mouth. He reeled back, tripped, fell across a display of gourds.



villages. What on earth made you take this boat, anyhow?"

"A five-day wait in Belém for the next plane, and a two-week wait for the next de luxe liner. I thought I'd rather travel than sit still. Besides, the Fortaleza makes so many stops it gives you a chance to *see* the Amazon."

The girl drew a deep breath. She looked over the roofs of the waterfront warehouses and rubber-washing plants to Manaos on its hill. Watching her, John decided that there was no resemblance at all between Vicky Latham and her sister.

The city was vivid in midday sunshine—taxis and tramcars running up avenues lined by trees. "It's a mirage," Vicky Latham declared. "For days you see nothing but jungle and a few huts, and then this jumps at you. Out of nowhere." She gave him an appealing look. "Am I going to have time to poke around Manaos?"

"You'll have this afternoon and tonight. We'll have to leave in the morning. Two days late as it is."

She said, "You're the first man I've met in Brazil who wanted to hurry.... Well, if I can find my luggage—"

He nodded, left her, and pushed up the gangplank against a stream of passengers. He had to find Alfredo Colon, too, but that would have to wait a moment. On deck a couple of porters struggled with a trunk. He thrust a few coins into their hands and told them he wanted the *senhorita's* baggage carried off quickly.

When he returned to the dock, he saw that Vicky was talking to a young man in immaculate whites. He held a Panama hat in his hand. His black hair was thick and shiny, and he had the kind of Brazilian smile that revealed faultless teeth.

Vicky faced him in perplexity, as though finding it hard to understand his language. She turned to John as he approached.

"I'm afraid I'm not up on local etiquette," she said. "Should you be flattered when a man asks you to spend a few days with him at the Hotel Esplanade?"

John looked from Vicky to the man

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

and back again, bewildered. “Are you serious?”

“Certainly. He is, too. All the way up the Amazon he tried to convince me I'd find sharing his stateroom more comfortable than staying in my own. Would it be terrible for international good will if I slapped him? Just once?”

John turned to the man. He spoke in Portuguese, every syllable crackling. “Be good enough to make your apologies, senhor, and get out.”

“The senhorita,” the man said, “misunderstands me.”

“What's there to misunderstand?”

“I did not know she was being met here. I thought she was alone. So I offered my services.”

“You offered more than services!”

The man's lips parted in a smile and he shrugged. “That is possible.” He put on his Panama hat, started away. “But I yield her to you, senhor.”

John caught his arm. A rush of anger made him frown. He heard Vicky say, “Oh, don't bother. It doesn't matter, really.”

“It matters a great deal.” Again he spoke to the man in Portuguese. “You'll apologize before you leave, senhor.”

“What nonsense! Has she been hurt?”

People were beginning to watch them, and Vicky Latham pleaded, “Let's not make a scene over this. *Please.*”

But John's grip hardened on the white-sleeved arm. Anger was beginning to throb in him. He repeated, “Your apology, senhor.”

Because the pressure of John's fingers hurt, the man no longer smiled. Moreover, with the crowd on the dock gathering about them, there was a matter of pride involved. His eyes became too bright. He said in a low, warning voice, “Have the goodness to take your hand off, senhor.”

“When you've apologized.”

“*No.* . . . Senhor, I ask for the last time.”

Instead of replying, John forced the man closer to Vicky Latham. She looked distressed, but that didn't matter now.

The Brazilian whispered, “If you wish it like this, very well.” His hand shot out—not in a fist, but in a way that drove the open palm hard against John Bartell's chin. It struck like a ram. It snapped John's head, sent him staggering.

By the time he recovered his balance he was dazed and furious, in no humor for further talk. He stepped forward and swung his fist. The blow caught the corner of the Brazilian's mouth. The man reeled back, tripped, and fell across a display of gourds.

When he sat up again, a trifle addled, he touched groping fingertips to his lips. He looked at them in wonder. A trickle of blood had started down his chin.

About him the silence was as intense as the heat. He rose slowly. With an unsteady hand he took a handkerchief from his breast pocket and pressed it to his mouth. He looked from John to Vicky, his glance expressionless. Then he turned away. Women stepped aside to let him pass. He walked toward the gangplank, where a *caboclo* stood wide-eyed, holding two grips.

“Come,” he said.

Without another look toward John, he started up the ramp toward the shore. The crowd watched him until he had got into a taxi and driven away. Then they began to mutter.

John gave Vicky Latham an awkward look. “Too bad. You'll have to take the retreat for an apology.”

“I'm dreadfully sorry it happened,” she whispered. “I didn't intend—”

“He needed a punch, and I feel better for having handed it out. . . .” He looked around at the crowd. “We'll leave in a second. I've got to find a fellow named Colon first. Alfredo Colon.”

“Colon?”

The way she repeated the name, almost in a gasp, made John pause. He saw Vicky lift dismayed fingers to her lips. She nodded toward the shore.

“*That* was Colon!” she said.

FOR a moment, as he tilted back his helmet, John Bartell forgot the pot-bellied Fortaleza; forgot the crowd on the dock. The idea that he had fought with the man he had come to welcome left him dazed.

Then he caught Vicky Latham's arm and his voice was husky. Let's get out of here.”

The few taxis at the top of the ramp looked too battered to be trusted. He crowded the girl and her luggage into a carriage.

“The Hotel Esplanade,” he told the driver.

Vicky protested, “That's where Colon is staying—”

“Yes, I know.” He was grim as he settled his long figure beside her. “Got to see him before we go on.”

While they rumbled up an avenue of palms toward the Praça de Republica, he explained, to Vicky Latham's consternation, that Alfredo Colon was to accompany them to the plantation. He was to work there—an expert in rubber cultivation.

“I'll have to iron this out some way,” he muttered.

“It was silly of me to make such a fuss.” Vicky was angry with herself, impatient. “I'm terribly sorry. I should have remembered the Lothario approach means nothing down here.”

“Well, it's a tropical institution,” John conceded. “But sometimes it has to be slapped down.”

For some reason his words stung him into thinking once more of himself and Sue Ackerson. Yet he knew the thought was unfair. What he felt for Sue wasn't a casual desire. He loved her deeply. He loved her with a fierce and devastating intensity that sometimes threatened to make him forget all reason and all restraint. If it weren't for his dogged loyalty to her husband, Hugo. . . . Well, that was what he had to make her understand: it must end.

AS they neared the Esplanade, Vicky put a hand on his arm. “Wouldn't it be wiser to give Colon a few hours to cool off?”

“No,” he said. “I don't like letting a grudge hang fire.”

He asked her to wait in the carriage. When he entered the hotel, the escape from the sun's glare blinded him, so that he barely saw the woman behind the desk. She offered to send a boy to Room 23 for Senhor Colon. John, however, preferred to go up himself.

He knocked, and the Brazilian's “Enter!” was curt. With a sense of strain, John opened the door to see the man, in shirt sleeves, bathing his bruised lips over a basin of water.

Their glances met in a mirror, and Colon swung around as though a gun had been pointed at him. His eyes were wide and startled. A flush of indignation rushed into his face.

“*Per Deus!*” he whispered. “Do you have to follow me *here?*”

“Only to say I'm John Bartell of the Toledo Rubber Company.”

Alfredo Colon stared as if such a thing were incredible. Twice he started to speak, and each time the words collapsed.

“Also,” John added, “the Senhorita Latham is the Senhor Ackerson's sister-in-law.”

Colon looked appalled. He lifted a hand, dropped it limply. Then he shook his head. “Senhor, I—I hardly know what to say! I—I begin to think that the devil himself has tricked us!”

John said, “Well, he's made it mighty embarrassing, anyhow. I thought we'd better have some sort of understanding.”

“Certainly . . . certainly!” Colon was pale. “Senhor, if I had dreamed it was you on the dock, or that the senhorita was of the *fazenda* there

(*Continued on page 39*)

HENRY FORD TALKS ABOUT WAR AND YOUR FUTURE

Scrutinizing a handful of wheat. "We've already found twenty different substances in it that we can use in our plants," he says.

America's No. 1 pacifist, now its No. 1 munitions-maker, looks at the world today—The most revealing interview he has ever given

BY DONALD WILHELM

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MR. FORD'S famous 1915 peace ship established him as our number one pacifist. On that fantastic Babel, as it set out to stop the last war with words, he quickly retreated to his stateroom. And as soon as the Oscar II reached the other side he hurried back home, having learned much, he still says, from the experience. "All we're here on earth for," he likes to say, "is to get experience."

He was the only American favorably mentioned in Mein Kampf by Hitler. This fact plus his pronounced, but recently renounced, views about the Jews, his isolationist associates and utterances, and his refusal early in this crisis to make airplane motors for Britain, put him on the spot.

He is still a pacifist, a conscientious objector. He makes no bones about it. He views this war, like the last, as the greatest of catastrophes; doesn't want to think or talk about it, and when pressed said: "I hate war. I've always hated war. . . . You can't get me to say anything in favor of war, except that it gives us experience." Nevertheless, today he is probably more feared by Mr. Schicklgruber and the Japs than any other American except the President. Today he will soon be turning out a $325,000 four-motor B-24 flying fortress every hour, a $15,000 Pratt & Whitney air-cooled airplane motor every half hour, with his own liquid-cooled motor also on the way, an armored car or a jeep every minute or two, and mountain ranges of other war items to blast the Axis. Today he is our number one munitions-maker.

His birthday is July 30. At seventy-nine one finds him on the go from sun-up to sundown. To interview him, you have to catch him in transit.

From Washington I wrote to him asking for an interview. Back came a letter saying, "We shall be glad to refer this to Mr. Ford at the first opportunity." I sent an urgent telegram. No answer. At my home in Connecticut the following Monday evening I took up the phone and asked our long-distance operator to get Henry Ford on the wire at his home at Dearborn, Michigan. She laughed, but I bet her

In '41, discussing the twelve-cylinder plane engine developed by his company. It was then awaiting army approval.

a box of candy I'd get him, and won. In a minute or two his voice came, clear, easygoing, informal.

When I apologized for calling him at his home, he said, "Oh, that's all right. Mrs. Ford and I were just sitting here reading. Where are you?"

"In Connecticut."

"Golly, that's quite a distance," he said. "Could you be here Wednesday morning, at ten, say?"

"At nine, if you wish."

"All right. I'll meet you at my office in the engineering building at nine, Wednesday morning. I'll be glad to see you."

But none of his staff there knew anything about all this. At the very hour I appeared, my office in Connecticut was receiving a telegram saying I couldn't see Mr. Ford at all. He rarely came to his office, I myself was now told. He was always on the go in his car. "His car is his office." Told to cool my heels in the reception room there, a moment later I saw a Ford sedan roll up to the door. The driver slipped out, came in. In the front seat was a slender, small figure in gray, his gray hat on his lap, completely relaxed in the morning sunlight. "Isn't that Mr. Ford out there?" I asked the receptionist on his throne.

"I wouldn't know about that," he said, smiling.

I said, "Guess I'll go out and ask him."

Mr. Ford himself reached over to shake hands, saying, with his characteristic Midwest hospitality, "Glad to see you. Hop in. I've got to go out to some kind of a doings at our new Willow Run plant. We're making bombers out there."

Bombers! I wondered how he, our number one pacifist and conscientious objector, felt about making bombers. I aimed to find out.

WE started. He was on the front seat, now and then turning his blue-green eyes, amazingly alert and clear for those of a man of seventy-nine, my way. I sat forward on the back seat, shorthand notebook on my knee.

"This seems like a pretty good car, Mr. Ford," I began, to keep things informal.

He laughed. "Step on it, Wilson. Now watch that meter!"

It moved up to fifty miles an hour.

"Step on it, Wilson," he repeated impatiently.

The meter swung to sixty.

"She'll do better than that, Wilson!" he said.

"But there's a stiff side wind, Mr. Ford," Wilson objected.

"Besides," I said, "the road's full of ruts."

With a triumphant glance over his shoulder, the great, almost legendary Henry Ford now said, as proudly as a boy with some new gadget he himself has made, "She'll do ninety!"

First impressions: Looks like a Vermonter. . . . Looks fit. Skin clear. Hands young for seventy-nine. Says proudly that he never wears glasses except for the very closest work. . . . Eats lightly, he adds. No stimulants. Has never smoked (no one in the executive dining room or on a Ford job smokes, nor did even on Ford property until lately). . . . No sports. No exercise except riding his bike now and then around his place in Dearborn. . . . What keeps him young? He and Mrs. Ford often read to each other, he says. He likes to sit in the sun. He never argues with any one. He likes to relax with the children in the schools of the New England community he has reproduced, Dearborn Village, where, that they may learn by doing, he likes to help them make things. . . . So far, he seems an extraordinarily simple man whom interviewers and public relationists have chosen to make complex.

"It's the young people who will make the future," he said. "Their lives haven't been messed up. They're honest. But they have to know how to do things, how to think and work. Education is the hardest job in the world, the way most people have to live, without land and nature to help. . . . Production is education. People who work are learning all the time. They're getting experience. It's work that gives them character.

"Politics never produces anything. It's the decaying apple.

"Industry has given us some great educators, like the radio, the motion picture, and the motorcar. The motorcar brought about a greater intermingling of people than any other thing in history. I've never thought of it as just something to get around in, to be made and sold at a profit. I like to think about what the 25,000,000 cars and trucks we've made here at Dearborn alone have meant to people. You can't get more than you give. That's where God steps in."

Money as such appears to mean little to him, who probably hasn't the remotest idea of how much he has. "Money isn't wealth," he said. "People are always confusing money with wealth. Production is the only way to create wealth. Money is necessary to organize businesses and keep homes running. It saves transportation when you want to exchange the work you've put into raising a bushel of wheat, say, for the work some one else has put into making something, maybe a tool, in another part of the country. Idle money never does anybody any good. Gold is about the most useless metal we have. We've kept about the same amount of money in banks for thirty years. The main reason is that if we had to borrow, the bankers would try to take our institution away from us. They tried that—*once.*"

HE is probably the richest man on earth. But it's easy to believe while with him that money-making has never been his main interest and urge, his great passion, the key to his make-up. Instead, this probably has been his inventive, creative turn. He didn't invent the automobile. His great invention was a formula, first for producing watches, his first love, in a time when they were a luxury, then for producing cars. The formula:

To make things in a big way, make them cheap. To make them cheap, cut costs. To cut costs, make many all alike, use machines to make them. To make it possible for people to buy them, pay the highest wages.

This formula was Mr. Ford's great contribution. He didn't invent mass production, but he was the first to make it work in a big way. He has lived to see it adopted by countless other makers of things, to see it multiply and cheapen the things on sale, change our way of life and living, become basic to our success in war.

Lest we forget: This idea of his was at first deemed crazy. His partners quit him. Manufacturers here in the

eep in Henry Ford is love of the soil. Here he is, on a recent birthday, with an early steam reshing machine on the Michigan farm where he ran that same machine nearly sixty years ago.

No exercise except riding his bike now and then —but sometimes he does saw a little firewood.

land of the free and brave went through the ceiling, came down hopping mad, when in 1914 he established five dollars as his minimum daily wage and cut his working day from ten to eight hours. In 1922 he increased his minimum wage to six dollars. In 1928 he adopted the five-day week. In 1929, when his friend President Hoover was begging American employers not to lower wages, he *increased* his minimum wage to seven dollars, and he held to it until forced by hard times back to six dollars, now his minimum for every Ford employee, man or woman, old or young, including many who are physically handicapped.

Mentioning the great company of inventive souls, I told him about stepping into the tent hangar of the two Wright brothers at the first big aero meet, at Squantum, Massachusetts, in 1910: "There they were, Mr. Ford, sitting on their trunks on the dirt floor. And what do you suppose they were doing? They were studying the wings of a dead sparrow one of them had picked up coming back from lunch. If only they had applied the lessons of flight built into the wings of that sparrow, they might have advanced aviation by ten or twenty years."

HE shook his head. "You can't do mechanically," he objected, "what the bird does. A bird can flap its wings. A plane can't."

When I said I was thinking of the shape of the sparrow's cambered wing, thick and rounded at the front and not kitelike as were early airplane wings, he agreed: "Yes, you're right." Then he said that on a Florida beach one day he and Mr. Edison had found a dead frigate bird. They gathered it up, took it home, studied it for days. "It kept very well," he said. "There was hardly any fat on it." After a pause, he added, "The plover is one of the best flyers. I've got interested in it lately. It's becoming extinct. That's too bad."

The moment his eye lights on anything, especially anything made, his mind appears to be groping back to its making, to the way it was made, to the time given to its making by one or many craftsmen or machines. What made the Model T so light and cheap turned on the pioneer production of a strong vanadium alloy steel. All that steel companies cared much about in those days was the production of ordinary carbon steel. He could find only one company that would even try to make vanadium steel in big tonnages for him—a little outfit that was willing to take a chance, at Canton, Ohio. The superintendent once told me how Mr. Ford spent most of his hours while waiting for the first heat: "He spent his time climbing over the scrap pile. Every now and then he'd come to me with a piece of metal in his hand, as excited as a boy finding something special. He'd say, 'I think I know, Griffith, where this came from—what kind of a machine, who made it.'"

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly.
For work, all work, is noble and holy.

He wanted, at once, a copy of this bit quoted from the blackboard of a humble schoolmaster in the mountains of Colorado. Deep in him is his homage to work, to the craftsman, to skill.

Deep in him, too, is his love of the soil. Not far from the throbbing great River Rouge plant is the modest, unmarked white farm cottage where he and Mrs. Ford first lived, before he quit farming, his father's vocation, to go back to Detroit to make his first automobile in the brick shed now located in Greenfield Village. Several times a year, he told me while talking about housing old and new, he and Mrs. Ford go there, all by themselves, to prepare and have a meal by themselves. While we rolled through his thousands of acres, he shook his head each time I mentioned the war, but warmed to talking about the soil.

"We're raising soybeans here," he said. "The time will come when not an inch of the soil, not a single crop, not even weeds, will be wasted. Then every American family can have a piece of land. We ought to tax all idle land the way Henry George said—tax it heavily, so that its owners would have to make it productive."

He wants every one to see the many small factories he has built within fifty miles of Dearborn and operates at a loss, no doubt. These small factories, each making a single item—magnetos, for example—reflect his hunger to get people back on the land. "The family of every American workingman," he insists, "should have a piece of land."

A prime reason why he has never given a dollar to Detroit charities (his son, Edsel, makes up handsomely for him) is that public relief, as he sees it, prevents people from going back, or being driven back, to the land. "Public relief," he said, "is the greatest curse that ever struck the earth. No one ever gets anything for nothing." His idea of being helpful is manifested in other ways. For example, years ago he had a study made of the percentage of people in the State of Michigan who had physical handicaps of any kind. Then he made places for a like percentage of physically handicapped men and women in his own employment—so many who were deaf, lame, one-legged or one-armed, so many with arrested cases of tuberculosis, and so on. Each, of course, receives full pay. And because of their special devotion to their work he believes they do their part well, often much better than others.

WHEN I mentioned the war the third or fourth time, he turned around in his seat and said: "I have always hated war. The last war threw civilization back a half century. No one wins a modern war except a few warmongers, maybe a hundred. The common people never win. War comes to their doors and takes their sons, takes men away from the work they want to do in providing people with the things they need. It takes things away from them. It takes the money they've saved to educate their children. It taxes them to pay for things destroyed. . . . This country should be strong enough to put an end to this senseless destruction."

"But *this* war?"

"War is destruction," he said. "No, sir, you can't get me to say anything in favor of war except that it teaches us.

With his wife in the grounds of their Dearborn home on their fifty-third wedding anniversary.

Fords of three generations. At left, Henry Ford II, grandson and namesake; in center, Henr
Ford himself; right, his son Edsel. "It's the young people," he says, "who'll make the future.

It gives us experience, and all we're here on earth for is to learn."

Not knowing that he believes we are all destined to come back to earth again and that he has said he only hopes Mrs. Ford will be at his side, I said, too lightly, "I wonder!"

Feeling his reproving look, and the driver's, I added: "I don't know, Mr. Ford. The older I get, the less I know. For instance, I never did understand how my mother, a widow with six children, always knew in advance when anything was about to go wrong. I've always thought it was because she was French and the French are supposed to be intuitive."

"It's experience," he said simply. "She'd lived before."

Where about a hundred men, including his son Edsel, Charles Sorenson, and a large group of British and American officers in uniform were waiting for him, he stepped out. A power shovel was working near by. There were questions these men wanted answered by him, problems on which they wanted his advice, as teacher and trouble shooter. This is his main function these days. Where he finds, by sidling alongside a workman or an executive and quietly asking, "How are things going?" that they are going all right, he is on his way at once. But where there is a problem or trouble, there you'll find him. There he'll ask, "What have you done, so far?" They'll tell him. "Why wouldn't it work?" he asked one group. They told him. "Why not try it this way?"—and his mind and his small competent hands went to work suggesting a new plan. One raised a question, another an objection. "Go ahead and try it," he said. "If it don't work, we'll learn something." And, as one told me, in a day or two he'll be back, wanting a report, taking up any new problems.

Also he applies his own ideas about choosing men for important jobs. Months back he paused on his rounds to say to the youngster now in charge of production at the huge bomber plant, "You're going to run it." The youngster said, "But, Mr. Ford, I don't know anything about running a bomber plant!" Mr. Ford answered, "It's time you learned," and that was that.

Almost every morning until this crisis came to upset all his plans, he attended the simple nonsectarian service conducted wholly by the young folks in his schools in Greenfield Village. In the little New England Martha-Mary Chapel (named for Mrs. Ford's mother and his) he had me sit in the balcony with him one morning. After the Doxology, a hymn, the Lord's Prayer, another hymn and the reading of the Twenty-third Psalm, then a third hymn and a recitation of Van Dyke's poem on work by a boy, came three songs—Old Black Joe, a solo, My Little Gray Home in the West, by a young miss, and Auld Lang Syne.

He looked on—more interested, it seemed, in the young folk, most of whom he knows by their first names, than in the service itself. Afterward, when I said I wished I could come every morning, said young people were good for the soul, again he said, smiling, "They're honest!"

Then, in the office of his personal secretary, he settled himself in a chair, pushed off the light, black low shoes that the proud shoemaker in the Village makes for him, put his feet on the radiator, and talked nearly two hours about postwar America.

EVEN at seventy-nine, apparently the future interests him far more than the past, the present, or even the job that his big empire is doing—making munitions of war.

"There's no need of this country having hard times after peace comes," he said, "if we pull together and use our experience. . . . We can look forward to many of the most prosperous years we've ever had."

When reminded that a depression has followed every war we've had, he answered, "Things are different now." And when reminded that this war is destroying more wealth, whether measured in lives or in money, than all the wars of the past combined, he said, "If this war ended tomorrow there'd be a big gap to be filled. Right now there are shortages of many things people want, and the shortages are increasing. Even before we had to defend ourselves you couldn't show me one man or woman who had plenty of everything. For every one with half enough I could show you many who didn't have the simplest essentials of decent living, like good food and shelter and education."

We Americans were a lot better off at that, he went on, than the people in other countries. Nature didn't distribute her gifts equally; people had never used them equally. We made out better than most. We lifted ourselves by our own bootstraps. We can do it again. "This country is too rich in its land and other resources, in inventive, scientific, and manufacturing skill," he insisted, "to go down. If the war goes on another year or two there will be demand for all we can make. We'll have to help many other countries. The gap is getting bigger all the time. It will be up to industry to fill it.

"Production is the only way to have prosperity. I've been saying this for forty years. It was true then. It's true now. It will be true after this war."

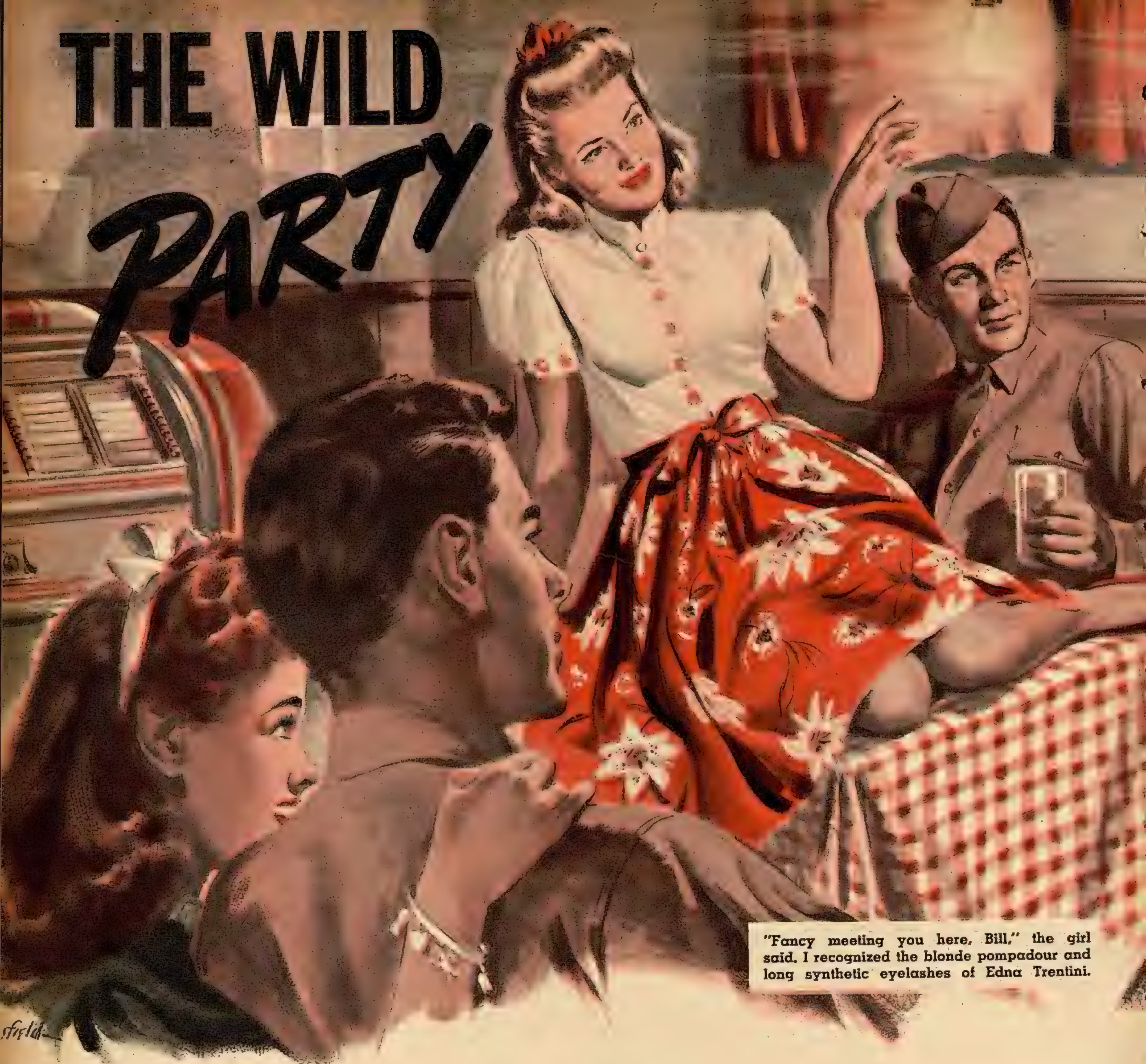
There isn't such a thing as overproduction, he agreed. The problem is to maintain purchasing power, he said, and added, "The first thing the country should do when peace comes is to issue currency in dollars to pay back to the people the money they've loaned the government. That money would provide purchasing power, keep industry going, provide jobs, until we get squared around."

"That idea, of working the printing presses to make more dollars, sure will make some people see red, Mr. Ford," it was suggested.

"Let 'em!" he answered. Then he added: "The dollar is good all over the world. That's because there's plenty to make it good. It's backed up by the government, by the people of the country, by their ability to work. It don't even need to be backed up by all that gold we've got buried underground. Use that, if you have to. It's no good where it is. Idle money never does any one any good. It never has.

(*Continued on page 37*)

THE WILD PARTY



"Fancy meeting you here, Bill," the girl said. I recognized the blonde pompadour and long synthetic eyelashes of Edna Trentini.

"A soldier needs a bit of let-down now and then."—It sounded all right, and his pals were good guys . . but then, there was Mary

BY CHARLES BONNER

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT had been on my mind the whole eighty-mile run from camp, but not until the bus rolled into its station near the Graystone Hotel did I get up the nerve to spring it on Apple Pete and Hank. It was three o'clock then, and I had to work fast.

"Well, so long, you bums," I said as we got off.

"How come now?" Apple Pete growled. He had already removed from his trouser pocket a red-cheeked Baldwin, an unnatural lust for which gave him his service name, and was polishing it in long, bony fingers. The fingers agreed with his lanky, overall frame and rugged Lincolnesque face. Any other resemblance to Lincoln stopped there. He was a good-natured boy from the Ozarks, lazy, except for a sprightly interest in the other sex, which proved what I had long believed—that country boys are far more sophisticated in certain matters than boys brought up in any good-sized American city.

I mention this because it was the core of the situation which involved the three of us now. And right away Hank Livermore spoiled my generalization. For he was from Chicago, and knew everything, too.

Hank spread his stocky legs and put his thumbs in his web belt. His service cap stuck out at a sapient angle above a cool gray eye.

"You can't take a powder now, William," he said in his soft persuasive voice. "We're on this lam together. Besides, this is your town and we expect you to megaphone the rubberneck."

That was the trouble. It *was* my town.

I eyed the Graystone drugstore anxiously. Phil Baker worked there. At least he did three months ago, when I was inducted. I didn't want to be seen by Phil Baker or any of my former familiars. So I shifted around the end of the bus and hoped it wouldn't pull out until I had this settled. Hank and Pete followed.

"I've got one or two little things to attend to," I said. "I'll meet you fellows later."

ILLUSTRATED BY IAN MANSFIELD

Hank eyed me with cold suspicion. "You aren't planning on standing us up, William? It isn't that we'll miss your social graces exactly, but we've counted heavily on your fish."

I knew that. I knew this wild spontaneous party to reduce three months of camp fever had been planned unspontaneously down to the last hamburger and beer as only three doughboys could while they waited for Congress to boost their pay. And I knew that if I retired, it would blow the show.

"If you think we're going to let you out now," drawled Apple Pete kindly, "you don't know nothing from nowhere."

That was remarkably true. I had a good deal more education than Hank or Pete, having been in second-year law right here in Hamilton when I was called up. Hank, I knew, had not graduated from high school and I doubted if Pete had ever reached it. But I knew a great deal less than either of them. Which was one of the reasons behind this expedition and the main reason I wanted to ditch it. Or thought I did. I was badly mixed up. I had to get away and think.

"You can't pull any aged parents," Hank said. It was a factual rather than brutal observation. He was a good fellow, as you come to find out positively after a few crash dives together in a medium tank. It was just that he'd been brought up in a different pattern than I—something that doesn't bother you much in camp. But now, as I stood on the familiar macadam of my home town, it bothered me pretty strongly.

I couldn't pull that. I had already told them my parents were dead.

"I'VE got friends to see, haven't I?" I said defensively. "What do you guys take me for? I'll meet you at—at the place six sharp."

"Or maybe a girl you're holy about?" said Pete, biting into his apple.

I got a start out of that which I hoped I concealed. I hadn't told them about Mary. There were some chaps you didn't talk to about Mary, no matter how good they were in a medium tank.

But it touched on the whole point at issue. Was I going to the wild party or to Mary?

"Stow it," I said.

The bus started to move. I turned my back to the sidewalk traffic. I wasn't taking any chances until I got this settled. Not only with Hank and Apple Pete. With myself.

"Look here," I said. "If you don't trust me, I'll leave you my roll. Half of it, anyway." I took the bills from my shirt pocket.

"His roll," Hank said evaluatingly.

I counted off half, nine singles. I felt that much responsible because, if the idea of the party had been Apple Pete's and if Hank had known some one who had known some one who could get the girls, I had at least suggested the place to throw it—a somewhat less than Victorian roadhouse out the Newton Turnpike. Its name, because it deserved no better, was The Plunge Inn. But it featured very little water.

"Fair enough," Pete said, and Hank pocketed the bills.

"Six sharp," Hank said as I edged away. "How do you get to this joint?"

"About eight miles in that direction," I said, waving vaguely. "Take a bus. Any one can tell you."

I had never been there myself.

I got off Lowry Street, Hamilton's main business thoroughfare, as quickly as possible, cutting through an alley into Broad Street, which was the bypass for heavy trucking and where there was less chance of being recognized by any one I knew. But I really didn't feel entirely safe until after I had struck the river and passed by the freight yard, the lumber mills, and the cement warehouses. Finally I got to where you could really see the sluggish river, terra cotta from the rich red soil it cut through, and where the banks were round and green. I threw myself down under a big catalpa and stretched out. I took off my black tie, folded it neatly inside my cap, and unbuttoned my shirt.

I watched a small green worm eat a hole in a big green leaf, and I wondered what moral there was in it for me. I couldn't figure out any, although I was badly in need of one, or at least of a morale.

I could see how Mary Lake had unassumingly provided it for a good many years, ever since we were freshmen in college and up until I went into the army. Where was it now?

Mary had eyes the color of slate in the rain, and they were honest and understanding. Mary had a lot of wisdom beyond her years. She had the only black hair I've ever seen which really had blue lights in it, and her red lips were cut cleanly and truly. The impression you got was of a serenity deep within her without the slightest trace of smugness—as though she not only knew all the answers but they were so satisfactory and abundant that she had plenty left over for some one else.

That was me.

Perhaps I had had a little harder luck than most boys in losing both my parents at one blow—an automobile accident—when I was barely eighteen. But Mary saw me through it.

"I'm not going to tell you you won't miss them, Bill," she said. "You will. But it may all be part of a plan, a special challenge to you."

"I'd rather have them than any plan," I said grimly.

She wouldn't let me off. "A special kind of challenge to you," she repeated with the direct look from her slate-colored eyes which you either had to dodge or believe, "to make you stronger, bigger than most."

I couldn't dodge them, so I believed.

"If you're here," I said.

"I'll be here."

SO I went through college and into law school, using the little my father left me to pay for my training, because I knew that once I had my diploma and got Mary, all the rest would be straight and clear. Mary went to teach in the Maple Street Elementary School. She was a success from the start. The kids adored her and believed in her. She had that instinct for the important truths which takes the rest of us years to acquire. Although she was actually younger than I, in that way she seemed older. She was mother, father, and sweetheart all rolled into one.

And that was how it was until it became as plain as a pip in an apple that every one's career had to be put temporarily in cold storage while Hitler's threat to it was knocked out.

When I said good-by to Mary, I said, "What's the parting word, Boss?" She knew what I meant. I had to have something special.

"I love you, Bill," she said, "and fight like hell."

Both the main words were unusual for Mary, but they were just what I needed.

At the bus stop she whispered, "Good-by, darling. Stay sweet."

"Sweet?" I whispered back. "A soldier?"

"There's nothing sissy about that. The strongest men, the biggest men . . ."

I made a quite definite face.

"You wouldn't say it about Hitler," she said, "but you would about Lincoln. Which was more of a man?"

She had me there, and I went off to camp on that note.

WHAT happened to change that note in the next three months requires a little explaining. Not that I would have admitted it had changed; the most I'd have agreed was it had muted a little—the way many things back home did under the impact of new friends, new routines, new ideals, new and strange physical experiences. I don't think any of us were actually disloyal but—well, after three months, even your body was hardly the same one you took away with you.

People said, "Why, you're a new man!"

You were, and in most ways for the better.

Apple Pete and Hank were the mates to whom I gravitated—perhaps just because I had never known anything like them before. At first they horsed me a good deal on account of what they called my innocence. I didn't "know nothing from nowhere." And at first I resented it and gave them as wide a berth as is possible in a squad tent. That was until the day Apple Pete, at considerable risk to himself, knocked me out of the way of a light tank which broke cover at a moment I had my back turned. Somehow that favor on his part elevated me in his esteem. And when I tied a tourniquet on Hank Livermore's arm after he had carelessly punctured an artery trying to master the technique of the bayonet, the triumvirate was established. I was all right. I couldn't have felt more set up if Prexy had handed me my degree *summa cum laude*. I was one of them, although I still didn't "know nothing from nowhere."

As a special mark of their consideration they undertook to instruct me, and in gratitude for this comradery I became at least an interested pupil. It began in the canteen with a beer (which I still think is a valuable institution) and it was to climax this evening at The Plunge Inn with this wild party.

I sat up, tied my tie, and put on my service cap.

"Swell fellows," I told myself. "Elegant fellows. The best."

But I had made up my mind. I was going to see Mary.

I climbed the bank and swung onto the dusty road. It was three miles back to the edge of town and then right on to Pondfield, two miles, to her house. And straight ahead it was all of six miles to The Plunge Inn. How I'd ever had that cockeyed idea I didn't know. I thought of the blue lights in Mary's hair. I ought to reach there just about when she and her mother were getting supper.

I heard a car coming and stepped over to the side. My thumb crooked automatically in my pocket but, remembering regulations, I kept it there. The car stopped abreast of me. It was a green coupé, well weathered.

"Lift, soldier?"

The accumulated heat of the day was at its top and I was sweaty and somewhat bogged down. I hopped in.

He was a sandy-haired chap of about thirty-one or -two, with spectacles and a pleasant smile.

"I'd think you'd get enough of that foot exercise in camp, buddy," he said.

"Busman's holiday," I said.

He laughed and said he had once been in the National Guard himself.

"That was before I began traveling in ladies' underwear," he added.

I gave him a look and I could see he expected it, for he had on a big grin.

"Kind of a joke in the trade," he explained. "I sell stockings."

"I see," I said.

"I'd have joined up myself only on account of my eyes. Blind as a bat without these cheaters."

"Sure. That's bad."

"Deferred, anyway. Wife and kid. If I'd known this blitz was coming, maybe I wouldn't have been so quick to become a family man." He laughed. "But you know how it is."

"Yeah."

"I'd like to have a wallop at those Japs. That's just what I'd like."

"Yeah. That's right."

"What do you say to a beer, bud?"

We were about a half mile from the turn down Mary's street and my throat was like dry cereal. There wouldn't be anything at Mary's. My friend was edging up to a little café with red Venetian blinds.

"Well, just one," I said.

"They don't let you have anything in camp, do they?"

"We can get beer."

We walked into the place, and I went back to wash up. Then I returned to the bar and dropped a nickel in the telephone and called Mary's home. I got her mother.

"Hello, Mrs. Lake," I said. "Johnny left his gun and came marching home. This is Bill. Could I speak to Mary?"

"Oh, Bill," Mrs. Lake said, "it's good to hear your voice. How much leave have you?"

"Just the week-end," I said. "Could I speak to Mary?"

"She'll be so disappointed," Mrs. Lake said. "She's not in."

"Not in?" I repeated. It was perfectly reasonable. I hadn't written her of my getting off. Yet, somehow, I couldn't quite believe it. Call it soldier's vanity. "Where is she?"

"Oh, some USO affair, I think. You know how it is. The girls have to do their share to entertain the boys. She got a sudden call."

"Oh," I said. "When will she be in?"

"I haven't any idea, Bill. Shall I have her call you?"

"No," I said. "Thanks."

I DROPPED the receiver into its hook and went up to the bar, where I found my new friend in front of two large red highballs. They looked double.

"I said beer," I said, but I didn't care.

He pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and gave me a friendly grin. "This won't fill one heel of a big fellow like you."

"Heel of a fellow," I laughed grimly, and downed my drink in two.

All right, I'd be a heel. No Mary, no "sweet kid." That was fair enough.

"Can't fly on one wing," my friend said. "My name's Hal Simpson."

"Bill Todd," I said.

We shook, and had another on me.

"What I say," Hal Simpson said, "is people don't understand a soldier needs a let-down now and then."

"It's tough on you fellows who can't get in," I said, to even up. "I mean, guys who really want to."

"That's the idea," Hal Simpson said morosely. "I mean, I try to give a soldier a break when I get a chance. What I say is a man's got to go berserk on a real wild party once in a while.

SINKS JAP SUBS
BILL RUBLE

Just the same as the monk in Siberia."

We had a big laugh. I kept wondering how I could have been so mixed up earlier in the afternoon. It was all very simple and clear. There were Apple Pete and Hank on one hand and Mary on the other. And Mary had stood me up. By this time, in my unreasonable mood, I was convinced of it. She'd stood me up for the USO.

My friend insisted on being one up, so, after the third double, he said, "Well, I've got to be moving. Drop you some place?"

"Sure," I said. "Know a joint name of The Plunge Inn?"

A man had to go berserk once in a while.

I WAS all right when Hal dropped me off there. The big pinwheel with the colored lights above the entrance revolved at a normal speed and my feet followed each other steadily without any special attention. But my nerves tingled with anticipation.

Inside, there was the usual arrangement of the short-order counter and the bar at one end and booths along the sides and a space in the center for dancing. The juke box was emitting Knit One, Purl Two. Three couples were on the floor doing what looked like setting-up exercises. I walked across the room to the man behind the cash register and asked for Apple Pete and Hank.

He seemed to be expecting me, for he said, without taking his eye off the jigger as the bartender measured two Tom Collinses, "Back room."

I stopped before the door he had indicated with his thumb, and I knocked, because I didn't want to make any mistakes. Hank's soft voice told me to come in.

Right away I wished to heaven I hadn't. All zest for the adventure, even on three double-rye highballs, went right out of me the moment I entered the small smoke-glutted room, punctured dimly in two spots by shadeless bulbs that dangled by cords from the ceiling, and got the reek of whisky and cheap perfume. My wild party was sprawled more or less on four chairs around a table, pushed into a corner to make room for dancing. In another corner was a sofa, in a third the inevitable juke box. That was all. But you could have cut the atmosphere with a butter knife.

I knew then that they could call me what they liked. I was not man enough.

Apple Pete grinned up at me from where he sat, holding a bottle on his knee and the chin of a red-haired girl on his shoulder.

"'Bout counted you out," he drawled. "Have a slug and meet Miss—meet Rosie."

I nodded and swallowed hard. Hank sat at a table, and on the table was a girl. Her head was bent toward Hank so that I couldn't see her face. With relief I saw there wasn't a third girl. Maybe I could blow, after all.

Then panic got me. For Hank was saying in his persuasive voice, "Aren't you going to say howdy to an old friend? I'd cut him off your calling list, Edna."

"Fancy meeting you here, Bill," the girl said, raising her head.

I recognized the blonde pompadour and long synthetic eyelashes of Edna Trentini, a girl I'd known at high school. She'd been a good-natured sort, slightly on the wrong side of the tracks and quite a bit on the wild side of local customs. Well, it looked as if the show was up.

"'Lo, Edna," I managed.

"Take the load off your feet, Bill." She got up from her chair and sat on the table and swung her legs beneath her short red skirt.

"Thanks," I said, backing toward the door, "but I look kind of fifth wheel around here. Say, maybe I'd just better beat it."

Edna and Hank exchanged glances, and Apple Pete got up and forced a drink into my hand. "Pull up your socks, soldier," he said with some menace in his voice. "You ain't seen nothing yet."

"You aren't going to run out on a good party, Bill?" Edna asked. "I remember you were always a little on the careful side, but the boys here said you'd grown up."

Pete guffawed.

"Cut it, Edna," I said. I let it go at that because I didn't want to get her sore. I thought there was just a chance she would keep her mouth shut.

"Park it," Hank said soothingly, kicking the chair toward me.

"I only thought," I said, rooted by the door, "seeing that you're all nicely fixed, there's no need of an extra file."

I put my hand back and got hold of the knob. Hank saw the move and sat up.

"Take it easy," he said quietly. "Everything's arranged, you darned fool. Your girl's on the way and—"

I threw the drink, glass and all, into the corner, at the same time turning the knob. But it was too late. Even as I pulled the door there was a knock on it.

And I turned to look into the face of Mary Lake.

WE stared at each other for I don't know how long, and I could see little blotches of color, the size of dimes, come on her cheekbones.

"Mary!" I finally whispered with what breath I could get. But it sounded like a shot in that quiet room.

"Bill."

I'll never know exactly what happened in the next few minutes. Somehow I was out of that hideous room, slamming the door behind me, and out of the place, and I was stumbling down the road, the street lights and advertising signs blinking meaninglessly at me. My throat was tight with crying that wouldn't come and my eyes burned, while my brain was hitting my skull like a trip hammer. And in back of me I could hear Mary's quick feet and her voice calling me.

"Bill. Wait! You don't understand."

I kept on going at the same rate because it didn't make any difference whether she overtook me or not. There was nothing to say. I understood plenty. Mary—my honest Mary—was a soldier's party girl. It didn't make any difference what her motives were—patriotism, compassion, or what. There it stood, and the hurt of it was more than I could bear. She had done that to me. To *me*.

Even when she came alongside and took my arm in her strong slender fingers, I hardly noticed. I was thinking of what it all meant, how long it had gone on. I was torturing myself with pictures.

"Bill, Bill!" She tugged at my arm.

I paid no attention. I could have knocked her across the road with one flip, but I did not think of hurting her then. The idea of that, the sheer need of that would probably come later. I was too sewed up in my own hurt.

Suddenly, under a street light, she gave me a yank with all her strength and spun me around and held me and looked up into my face. And that searching look, which I knew so well, I couldn't dodge.

"Bill, listen to me."

I didn't say anything. It didn't mean anything. But I stayed there.

"Can't you see, Bill?" she was saying. "War does such queer things. I love you. I forgive you."

"FORGIVE *me?*" I said, stunned.

It hadn't occurred to me I needed any forgiveness. I had been wrapped up in my own injury. But above the shock of this statement I could see the truth of it in Mary's eyes.

And before I knew I was speaking I heard the words come out of my mouth: "I forgive you."

I didn't see what possible good it would do. None. Nothing would be the same. But I could say the words if she could.

"You're my darling," she said. "My good soldier." She had her hands at my shoulders, her face adoring mine as if I'd just given her a mink coat. I didn't get any of it. "Bill," she said, "Edna called me and explained how it was. Those boys had told her—"

"Apple Pete and Hank," I said numbly.

"Whoever they are, whatever they are, they're your friends."

"*My* friends?"

She shook me a little. "Listen, Bill. They told Edna you were in a funk about this party—that it sounded as if there were some girl. Edna knew who that was. She's a good sort. Listen, Bill. It takes all kinds and—we've got to be tolerant and understanding these days. Edna was understanding, so were Pete and Hank. They wanted me to come for you. So I came."

When I could say anything, I asked her to forgive me—for thinking what I had thought.

"Who knows?" she said, looking at me through the wet slate of her eyes. "I might—if I didn't have a soldier who stayed sweet."

"I don't know nothing from nowhere," I said as I kissed her.

THE END

THE LOVES OF LANA TURNER

Now she's a newlywed again! . . . The lowdown on one of the most fabulous careers in Hollywood—land of romance

BY IRVING WALLACE

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SEVERAL weeks ago, twenty-seven-year-old Steve Crane, junior executive in a firm that peddles hot dogs at baseball parks, sat in a Beverly Hills night club staring at Lana Turner.

Viewing the fabulous Lana at such proximity, Mr. Crane was strangely moved. Of course he had seen her in pictures, and fleetingly about town, but this was a close-up. And he realized, as they all do sooner or later, that the flashy French-Irish redhead with the cameo face was too good to be true.

Finally Mr. Crane spoke wistfully to his companion. "I bet," he murmured, "I could meet that girl."

"Bet you can't," replied the friend, producing a wad of greenbacks.

Primarily a man of action, Crane got to his feet, dodged past crowded tables with the agility of a Fordham halfback, and stumbled against Lana's chair.

"Miss Turner," he began brightly, "may I have this—"

Nine seconds later they were dancing.

Nine days later, unable to get a private plane because of priorities, the pair were seated in a passenger plane filled with disinterested soldiers en route to Las Vegas, with Lana's extra clothes and orchid wrapped in old grocery paper to prevent detection of the sensational elopement.

In Las Vegas, Judge E. Marshall, a giant bluff justice of the peace and the town's spare-time coroner, who had knotted seven thousand persons in two years, greeted her with: "Welcome back, Lana!" He had married her two years earlier, at four o'clock of a topsy-turvy morning, to clarinet-playing Artie Shaw.

Lana, bubbling, replied, "Judge, kidding aside, this time tie a knot that will stay tied for keeps!"

In two minutes, while photographers and reporters waited outdoors in the Nevada sun to pass the word on to a wrathful male population, the deed was done. Lana Turner, America's Sweater Sweetheart, dream girl of a tentative ten-million-man army, a two-ocean navy, countless swing shifters and deferments, was Mrs. Steve Crane.

Possibly, friends said, she was Mrs. Crane now and forever. Certainly, enemies said, she was Mrs. Crane only for a matter of weeks or months, insisting that Lana would marry at least three more times before she settled for annuities, children, bungalow and green shutters.

"She may seem flighty, impulsive, a little crazy," commented a friend of hers after the marriage, "but she's not. That Lana's a good solid kid. Maybe it's just that she's a little young. And maybe it's just that she's too damn attractive!"

Attractive, of course, isn't the word for it. She has what Clara Bow and Jean Harlow had, only Lana has it to spare and twice as much. Of course, now that she is Mrs. Crane, living in the apartment Steve used to share with a boy friend at $150 a month, she may settle. If she doesn't, then the matter rests in the hands of Time the Great Healer. A settled and predictable Lana Turner will be fandom's loss —color remaining ever at a premium —and her own mental gain.

The problem, as reported, is that once a man sets eyes on the 110 pounds of dazzle that is Lana Turner, he is never the same again. Steve Crane's impulsive bet that he could (and must) meet her was typical but puny stuff. Because for a look, a caress, a date from M-G-M's erratic, exciting, perfume-loving beauty, men have done wild and brave things. Only recently a young sailor paid out his full life savings of $5,000 for Victory Bonds that would also obtain a one-minute kiss from Lana Turner's lips.

She had the moths (i.e., male) batting crazily about her long ago. When she was sixteen years old, Greg Bautzer, her toothy steady, and Johnny Maschio, a ten-per-center, tangled in a roaring fist fight over her at the Hollywood Roller Bowl. And when Lana's agent stepped in the middle to stop it, he lost two teeth. It later developed that the slugfest was over whether Mr. Maschio had been out with Lana the night before. Lana couldn't remember.

IN the six years since that fight, Lana, has dated, conservatively, some 150 members of the opposite sex. Out of this welter two marriages resulted, though she was reported engaged to marry five different men at the same time, and actually was on the verge of going to the altar with a dozen.

Typical test for Lana's uninhibited charm was Coast Guardsman Victor Mature, a sort of curly-headed Charles Atlas with clothes. Lightning and Turner struck Victor Mature one prewar evening when he was sitting in the Club Mocambo, talking about himself to Betty Grable. At about eleven o'clock Lana Turner, trailed by her agent, swept in and deposited herself at a near-by table.

Like Steve Crane at a later date, Victor Mature was hypnotized. He realized he must meet the girl. Carefully Mature surveyed the scene. He knew Lana's escort. That was plus. Moreover, her table had to be passed en route to the washroom. Another plus. Mature promptly rose, excused himself from Betty Grable's presence, and sauntered toward the lavatory.

At Lana's table he paused. The agent. A friend. Swift recognition. Hello, hello. Small talk. Then deadly silence. Mr. Mature waited for a tumble. But the agent was an old hand with wolves. He turned away.

Mr. Mature continued thoughtfully on into the washroom, emerged a moment later and, unabashed, paused again, wedging for an introduction. He got only silence.

Then began the big parade. Regularly every ten minutes Victor Mature would rise from his place, slowly pass Lana Turner, disappear, reappear, linger, cough, and return to his chair. But no use. He couldn't wangle that introduction. Eight times, almost nonstop, by the headwaiter's count, he made the Great Trek. Eight times it brought no results.

After the eighth trip, Betty Grable remarked, "I suppose you want to meet Lana?"

"Just her phone number. . . . I'll do the rest."

Wearily, Betty took out her little black book and read off the most desired phone number in the United States and Possessions today.

These case histories prove only one thing: that Lana Turner's mere existence is sufficient to provoke excitement. She doesn't want the spotlight. But it's no use. No matter how passive or restrained she sometimes tries to be, it doesn't help. Men come to her. Men follow her. Hence her series of front-page dates spiraling into a headline elopement.

Five years ago, when she was breaking in at M-G-M and getting $200 a week, an event took place that pretty well explains Lana's persistent problem. She dated a handsome college boy named Alan Gordon, now one of cinemaland's top publicists, who, incidentally, accompanied her to Las Vegas when she became Mrs. Crane. Anyway, at that time young Gordon was producing a rally for his fellow students at the University of Southern California. He got the Ritz Brothers, Kitty Carlisle, and Martha Raye to appear on the show. As his own date for the evening, he brought along little Lana. During the show and between numbers Alan Gordon called down to his date: "Hey, Lana, come on up and take a bow!" Shy, attired in skirt and sweater, shaking with nervousness, Lana climbed up onto the stage. The boys on the main floor and in the balcony took one look and roared, standing en masse and cheering her and whistling. At last Lana gulped and said, "Gosh, fellows, I have no talent. What can I do?" And from the balcony a stentorian voice, speaking for all male America, roared back, "Sister, you don't need to do nothing! Just stand there!"

THAT, of course, was not the official stamp on Lana's particular brand of fascination. The real sights on her future were set one night at Huntington Park, a suburb an hour from Hollywood, where Warners held their press review of a grim little movie called They Won't Forget. It was Lana Turner's first movie, a bit part that would see her murdered before the first reel was over. She went into the role without acting experience, never having actually appeared in a school or little-theater play, in fact never having been particularly interested in acting itself. But it was a role that was to pyramid her toward a dramatic career that will pay her $4,500 every seven days come 1945—and into a tumult of big-name males that has no parallel in this decade.

That night, at Huntington Park, Lana was in the audience. She saw herself flashed on the screen. It wasn't much. There was a shot of her strolling up the street of a small Southern town. She was wearing her favorite off-screen attire—skirt and sweater. The camera focused head-on, and the sweater filled the lens. The reaction was tremendous. High-school and college boys in the audience howled and cheered. And Lana slumped in her seat, confused. She thought they were razzing her. After the preview she

Lana, with her new husband, Steve Crane, just after their return from Las Vegas.

skipped the party. She wouldn't see any one. She went right home—and cried. And that's the straight story.

But meantime the strange magic of fame and notoriety were brewing. Into the theaters of the great and good nation, where eighty million citizens a week pay homage to glamour, went They Won't Forget. The next is obvious. They didn't forget. It was word of mouth, and male America left its books, poker tables, firesides to take a peek at the newly and shrewdly nominated "Sweater Girl."

THINGS have happened to Lana since that night at Huntington Park. In fact, a steady flow of 800 fan letters a week forced M-G-M to star her opposite their big-leaguers—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor.

Overnight, it seemed, Lana had arrived. She was voted the Sweetheart of Sigma Pi, Phi Delta Theta, and forty other fraternities. She was nominated the Queen of the Dartmouth College Winter Carnival. She was elected the one and only of Iowa University's lads. Sailors aboard three battleships decided that Lana was the one they'd best like to be cast on a desert island with. Judd Boulon, who represents the population of Pitcairn Island, offered her half of it if she would move in. A group of Minnesota freshmen wired her: "Miss Turner, you have been elected the girl with whom we would most like to be tossed in a blanket."

If that wasn't enough, the Tropics in Hollywood named a rum drink after her, calling it Untamed, even though she didn't care for its taste. Honolulu's expensive Royal Hawaiian Hotel was inspired to whip out Baked Potato à la Lana. Later, when she was involved with Artie Shaw, a shop advertised "Blana Split with Shawcolate Ice Cream." On her birthdays she was flooded with presents from the R. A. F., mostly shell fragments. Buck privates penned passionate notes.

All this happened to a girl who was born Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner (the kids in school called her Judy) in the town of Wallace, Idaho.

Lana's father, a mine foreman, was murdered by gamblers, dying of a cerebral hemorrhage, when she was seven. After that, on the little insurance money and her mother's earnings as a beauty operator, Lana went to a convent school, then to junior high. There she attained the dignity of the school's cheer leader. After her first season in that capacity, armed with megaphone, skirt, and sweater, she was decisively re-elected by the rooting section for another season. This was an early triumph of mass judgment.

When her mother, suffering chest trouble, felt the climate in Los Angeles might be healthier, the two moved south. In her nine weeks at Hollywood High, Lana's grades were awful. She skipped school too much. Since those days Lana has become a bit hungrier for learning. However, she likes hers condensed and tabloided.

It was while attending Hollywood High, and dating Mickey Rooney and Tim Holt, that the thing suddenly happened. One afternoon in January, 1936, while she was sitting on a white stool at the soft-drink counter of the Safety Drugstore, just across street from school, she felt some one eying her. The some one turned out to be a dapper sinister-looking man. Billy Wilkerson, no less. Now, for those who don't know their inside Hollywood, bemustached volcanic Billy Wilkerson is a wheel within a wheel. Off and on owner of the Vendome, Trocadero, and Ciro's, he was (and is) editor and publisher of that pint-sized trade bible known as the Hollywood Reporter.

Wilkerson approached her. He spoke the old question, so familiar in off-trail stories about the cinema city. He asked, "Listen, girlie. How'd you like to be in pictures?" Already wise-guy wise, Lana's natural feel for what's right and wrong told her this one was right.

Within a month she had an agent, a contract, and a new name. Mervyn LeRoy, the boyish cigar-smoking director who signed her, didn't like her name Julia. So she thought awhile and said, "What about Lana?" For no reason at all it became Lana—pronounced Lah-nah.

MEANWHILE at the studio, for each new role, especially the ones she liked, Lana went to her M-G-M dramatic coach, Lillian Burns, and studied for days before the big cameras began rolling. Lillian Burns—Lana calls her "Burnsie"—was impressed by the youngster's progress. Proclaimed "Burnsie," "Lana is certainly the most brilliant girl I've ever taught." Truly, Lana's quick grasp of scenes and situations was advanced. She was brilliant, not in the drawing-room sense, not in the intellectual manner, but in her histrionic feel, in her flair for what was dramatic and what wasn't. She was a natural.

A great admirer of the Bernhardt of Burbank, Bette Davis, little Lana claimed aloud again and again that her one ambition was to become a great actress.

This ambition, incidentally, could be fulfilled, because the girl has the equipment. Besides packing the punch of physical beauty, she possesses the imagination and knack to conquer the technique of the perfect actress. Her movies, like Dr. Jekyll and Johnny Eager, showed footage of latent talent. In Ziegfeld Girl she revealed her real possibilities. She liked the part she was playing, that of Sheila Regan. "It was a once-in-a-lifetime role," she insisted afterward. "Had everything—glamour, drama, everything." In the climax scene, drink-ridden, racked with illness, dreaming of old glories, she had to walk down a long flight of stairs, stumble, collapse. She willingly went through the scene twenty-six consecutive times to get it right. Director Pop Leonard, who has seen them all, was pleased with her. "She has," he mused, "that Ziegfeld look."

Today, all concerned, especially her co-workers and bosses, agree that she can shed her gossip-column reputation for a more substantial one built on pure acting talent. But it's entirely up to her.

Meanwhile, as her career progressed, the redhead continued to indulge in ju-jitsu with Cupid. High

(Continued on page 35)

HOW LONG IS A SECOND?

PHOTO BY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

LIBERTY'S
SHORT SHORT

They send you up in a transport for a real parachute jump. You sweat.

BY PAUL ERNST

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

YOU are third in the row of guys sitting straight and tense on the right-hand side of the transport plane. Very straight and very tense! You know how it is. You tumble around and take falls from all angles till you're hard as wire. You jump off the twelve-foot platform till you can practically swan-dive out of any second-story window. You feel this thing is licked for keeps.

And then they send you up for a real parachute jump. A real jump, your first, from the practice height of seven hundred and fifty feet. That is a lot of feet. That is enough feet to make a seventy-story building.

You sweat. The trouble is these transports get up there so fast. Maybe it would help if it took a while, to give a guy a chance to think. And maybe it wouldn't help. Maybe you don't want a chance to think.

You know there isn't anything you need do. You step out the little door into nothing at all, not one thing but air, and your static line pulls the rip cord of your chute for you. Then all you do is float.

Unless the chute doesn't open.

Then all you have to do is remember—while air is shooting up your nose and the ground is rushing up to hug you—to pull the cord of the emergency chute on your chest. Yes, that's all you have to do. Then you have two and a half big lovely seconds before you hit.

The guys get up. You get up too. They say in Germany they have a jump master to shove out the ones who get cold feet. A push master, really. You sneer the first time you hear this. Yeah? No cold American feet. You remember that now, as the guy that was two ahead of you steps out the door in the transport's side.

Out he goes, no expression on his face. He has jumped before. A nice neat drop, a flash of white. Then more white. He's floating.

Why, this is easy! It's a cinch! And stop that chattering sound. Maybe you want a push master too.

Well, maybe you do. You're sick. You're shaky on your legs. You're afraid! You're afraid of the jump. More, you're scared of showing how paralyzed you are. (There's Number Two. He didn't show anything on his face, either. You are the only one that's scared.)

They look at you. The rest of the guys look at you. You're supposed to follow out as fast as possible. You look out and down. How did you get to the door? Your legs didn't move. Did some one carry you? What is your face showing? Is it as green as it feels?

You're going to faint. The fear of doing this, of showing what a yellow dog you are, is making you sick at the stomach. Sick. . . .

You're out about on time. I fell out, you think. I keeled over, and fell out.

IT'S supposed to be eight seconds to the ground. How long is a second? You never thought much about it before. It's not so long, you would have said. No? It's a week of any man's life. It's long enough to remember how you felt when you volunteered for the paratroops. Boy, you felt big and bold! Pete Barney, that big lug in the Tank Corps? You'd show him!

"I'm going to be a parachutist." Admiration in your friends' eyes. Admiration in your folks' eyes, mixed with fear. Admiration in Mildred's eyes.

Mildred, you admit, far down, is the reason you're in this damned branch. Everything you calculate is built around Mildred.

And Pete.

Pete Barney's big and not bad-looking. That's the trouble. He's six feet two, and broad. You're five eight, weigh a hundred thirty-six, and will never catch the eye of any movie scout. All the girls look twice at Pete, the Tank Corps hero, so maybe Mil does too. You can't be sure. Those boys do have a certain glitter.

You think, Tanks! I could do as good as that in something. But in what? And then you think. The jumpers! They're the boys that float down behind those Axis monkeys and give them things to think about. Tanks? The rocking-chair brigade compared to paratroops.

Pete's with Mildred when you tell what you've done. He grins. A mug like you? You'll never make the grade.

He doesn't say this right out, understand. He just looks it and his grin gets bigger. And Mil looks at Pete, who'd make two of you, and then looks at you with her eyes anxious and maybe a little doubtful. Though perhaps you imagine the doubt.

Well, you have made the grade. You're in. You're actually making your first jump. You're showing Pete, and Mildred too. Or—are you? Isn't it past time for that chute to—

It didn't open! The static line just flapped free and the chute didn't open! I'm going to die!

How long is a second? Long enough to feel good and sorry for yourself. Long enough to think in a corner of your frozen brain, What a sappy way to go, before I've had a pot at anything at all.

You're gone. The ground is wheeling up like cannon shots. The place you're going to flatten on is right beneath you. You see the chutes of others. You see guys looking up at you, their mouths strained into O's.

And then you realize that while you've fallen, stiff with fear, your fingers have moved as they were trained and you've counted up to four. Your fingers get that second cord and pull.

You think your back is broken, sure. But after the crack of opening, the emergency chute on your chest is mushroomed nice and wide. You aren't falling any more.

How long is a second? Long enough to think, O. K., Mil. I'll get a crack at Hitler just as good as Pete's. Oke, mom. I was scared to death. I am still, a little; not too much.

The jump from the platform is a thing for kids compared to this real smack. The ground hits you like a hundred baseball bats. You fall and skin your knees, an ankle turns. A guy comes up, a first lieutenant.

"First jump?" he says. "Too bad that had to happen, but you handled it well. You all right?"

You can't speak, so you nod.

He smiles. He holds your shoulder. "A little shaky? Pretty scared?"

"Naw," you say. "I wasn't scared at all, sir."

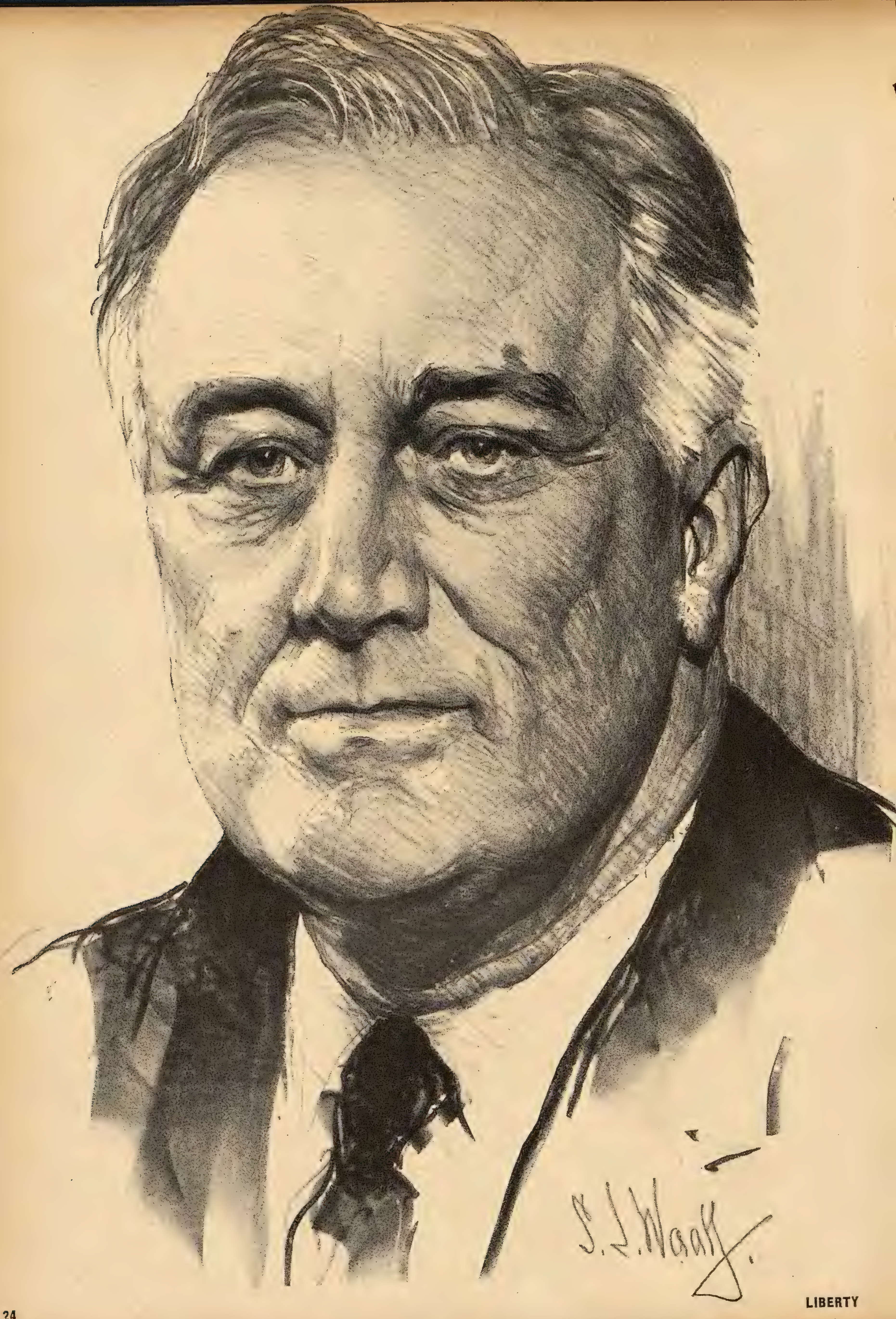
Oke, mom. It's O. K., Mil.

"You handled it well. . . ."

How do you like that, Pete?

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.


S. J. Woolf

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

A notable Liberty series by ten authorities, from ten points of view—Here an artist-author who has seen him at close range for years gives you, in picture and words, portraits of Roosevelt the man

BY S. J. WOOLF

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EIGHTEEN years ago this July New York's old Madison Square Garden, now but a memory, was packed with a crowd of shouting, sweating Democrats fighting to pick a Presidential candidate. The heat was grueling, tempers rose, prejudices flared, and hidden passions sprang into the open.

When the session adjourned on the day that Franklin D. Roosevelt made one of the great nominating speeches in our political history, he went back to his home on Sixty-fifth Street. The first thing he did when he got there was to inquire if he had secured a Revolutionary naval pamphlet for which he had left a bid at an auction. When told that it had been knocked down to him, he asked to see it, and opening the tattered book he sat examining it, apparently forgetting the tumult and the shouting he had left but a short time before.

On that hot July day I saw, for the first time, Mr. Roosevelt's ability to lay aside pressing problems and become absorbed in other interests. Surrounded by his ship models and books, he displayed his unbounded curiosity in people and things. He discussed our foreign relations and he stressed his unshakable belief in the democratic form of government. I have been with him often since then, and he has talked freely of cabbages and kings. In his office at Albany he interspersed talks on state problems with allusions to his Currier & Ives lithographs. In his library he signed a drawing which I made of him on the day of his first election to the Presidency, and at the same time spoke of the Haitian stamps which that country had given him. He has given me sittings in the White House while the nation was belabored by depression and by war; but his faith has never faltered, and he has always insisted that the "only thing we have to fear is fear."

Experience has developed his stature, but basically the man in the White House has changed little from the private citizen who first expounded his philosophies of life and government to me almost a score of years ago.

It is no easy job to get a likeness of the President. He is a sympathetic sitter, but he is rarely quiet and at times seems to forget that he is posing. One moment he is going through a pile of papers which are stacked on his desk. Suddenly he stops and turns to recall an anecdote. Some one is announced. The chair is swung around, he leans across his desk and puts down his cigarette holder in a brass tray, as he greets the visitor.

As the conversation gets under way his expression constantly changes. Never for a moment does his interest apparently flag. But never for a moment does he remain static. He chuckles, he becomes stern, he leans back in his chair or forward on his elbows. He seems to take every possible pose except the one he had when the sketch was begun. And, to make matters worse, he puts on and takes off his bifocal rimless glasses from time to time, although he seems to be able to read and see at a distance equally well whether he wears them or not.

Coupled with this lack of repose is an elusiveness about his features which makes him doubly hard to draw. Mr. Roosevelt is a handsome man, notwithstanding that his eyes are set somewhat close together. Moreover, there is a certain heaviness about the lower part of his face. In uncompromising lines these defects become more evident than they are in nature. So, too, does his habit of thrusting forward his lower jaw as he ends a sentence.

He is somewhat heavier now than he was when he first entered the White House. Time has etched deeper the tiny crow's-feet about his dark-lidded blue-gray eyes. The wrinkles which shoot from either side of his thin nose are more insistent, and about his mouth there is, at times, a sterner expression. But he still has the same compelling laugh, the same unbounded optimism, the same concern for the individual, and the same abiding trust in the power of democracy to survive.

Not long ago I returned from South America. When I saw the President, I told him that, judging from the applause for his picture on the screens in Latin-American countries, he was the most popular figure in the Western World.

He said that, when he had gone to South America after he was President, he was greeted with loud cheers, but he noticed that as many were *"Viva la Democracia!"* as *"Viva* Roosevelt!"

"The applause which you heard," he went on, "was not for me. It was for democracy, of which I happen to be a symbol."

It is this conception of the position he occupies which brought about a change in the White House as soon as he became President. Unlike some of his predecessors, Mr. Roosevelt does not permit pomp and circumstance to hide his human qualities. Even now, in the oval office with its almost homey atmosphere where he carries on, none of the strict regulations which war usually makes necessary are in evidence.

SHORTLY after he was inaugurated I went to the White House, and dropped in to see Rudolph Forster. He has been executive secretary since the days of the first Roosevelt, whose bust stands on his desk. I remarked to Forster that he seemed happier than the last time I had seen him. He looked up through his large glasses and smiled.

"I would never have believed," he said, "that twenty-four hours could bring about the change which occurred when the last family moved out and these people moved in."

Then, staring at the bust of T. R. and shaking his head, he added: "It must be in the blood."

But Forster is not the only one who feels that way. Secretaries and messengers have time to smile. While dignity remains, formality, in a sense, is gone. How could it be otherwise, when the "Boss" calls all by their first names or by nicknames which he has invented for them?

The Presidential desk reflects this informality. What previous President would have had the courage to surround himself with a score or more of gimcracks which would delight the heart of any child? What other President would have dared to hold conferences with the heads of other states across a desk cluttered with tiny donkeys, elephants, and Pinocchios?

His favorite among all these toys is a plush elephant which was given to him shortly after he was elected Governor of New York. It was about a foot high at the time and topped all the donkeys, a solitary reminder of the G. O. P. When the second gubernatorial election came around, Margaret Le Hand, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, said it looked dirty. So off it went to a cleaner, and came back a whiter but smaller pachyderm. Since then, perhaps because of superstition (Mr.

Roosevelt seems to be superstitious and speaks of "Roosevelt luck"), each time he has run for office the toy has been sent away and returned spotless but shrunken. Now it is not more than four inches tall; but the President refuses to agree that this is symbolical of the party for which it stands.

Sitting behind this Noah's Arklike desk, Mr. Roosevelt holds two newspaper conferences a week. Leaning back in his swivel chair, a cigarette in a long white holder in his hand, he greets the reporters who crowd about his desk. He gives the impression of a man who is thoroughly enjoying the meeting. Any question within reason may be asked and there is a spontaneous answer for each.

Mr. Roosevelt is quick at repartee and has a keen sense of humor. He makes full use of these qualities when pointed queries which he does not feel should be answered are put to him. Although Presidents are not quoted, when he has sprung some particularly pithy rejoinder he gives permission for his exact words to be used.

The President is vitally concerned with every form of human endeavor. I have seen evidence of this. When I have been drawing him, he has shown more than a layman's knowledge of art and his criticisms have always been helpful. Over and over again I have noticed the diversity of his interests. He wanders from physics to politics. He speaks with equal enthusiasm of the rake of a clipper's mast and the plate number on a block of stamps. He is like as not to keep a public official cooling his heels in an anteroom while he listens to an explorer or scientist or an author.

IT is astounding, too, with what ease he can speak the language of industrialist and labor leader, writer and actor, general and admiral, as well as of the peanut vendor standing near the White House selling his wares.

He once said to me that he regretted he had so many interests, because it prevented him from specializing in one. But many-sided people have always attracted him. His favorites among those of comparatively modern times are Jefferson, Franklin, Napoleon, Count Rumford, and Theodore Roosevelt. But it is Napoleon the social and legal reformer, not the general, who makes the appeal.

The people of the country know the charm of the President's voice. In conversation this is enhanced by the magnetism of his personality. He knows how to employ both to the best advantage. At times one suspects that a certain effusiveness is assumed, yet it is hard to harbor this suspicion long. But there is no doubt that he is subtle enough to be able to refuse requests without saying no. Politicians often ask him for favors which his gracious manner leads them to believe have been granted. Yet by the time they have reached the hall on their way out they begin to realize that no definite promises have been made.

Mr. Roosevelt has the knack of turning the conversation away from a subject upon which he does not want to talk. Many a man enters the executive office eager to say certain things to the President. If Mr. Roosevelt knows in advance what they are and does not agree with them, the chances are that by the time the interview ends the visitor discovers he has not been given a chance to speak.

One of his favorite methods of handling an opponent of his policies is to play dumb and take it for granted that the caller's ideas coincide with his. The "old charm" gets to work. Figuratively speaking, there is Presidential backslapping. "You and I naturally do not agree with what the fools on the other side are saying," is the gist of the conversation boiled down to its essence. And, for the time being at least, opposition is overcome.

Carter Glass once said to me: "I go into that office mad as hell; yet if I am not careful, before I am there five minutes I find myself agreeing with something I don't believe."

By nature the President really likes people and human companionship. When so inclined he can be as attentive a listener as an entertaining talker. When he wants to find out something, he encourages his visitor to speak freely and interrupts frequently with a "yes" and with pointed questions. But no matter how engrossed he is, he can interrupt a talk to read a paper, sign a document, or make a phone call, and take up the subject where he left off.

A large part of the Presidential day is taken up with appointments the average length of which is scheduled for fifteen minutes. One of the great worries of his secretaries is fitting these in. For often, at the urging of the President, his callers stay beyond the allotted time. I myself have sensed secretarial eyes glowering at me from a door behind my back as I have stayed longer than I was supposed to. Of course, while the President has posed for me he has received people; and I have noticed when he has wanted to end an interview a concealed buzzer brings in a secretary to his desk with some memorandum demanding immediate attention.

Perhaps one of the President's principal faults is a tendency to make snap judgments—to be carried away by some one's persuasive powers. He seems, however, to realize this. For years Louis Howe described himself as "Franklin's no man." At morning and evening conferences he listened to Mr. Roosevelt's plans and advised on what to do and what not to do. After Howe's death the President looked for some one to take his place, and apparently has found a successor for the little wizened reporter in Harry Hopkins.

LIKE Lincoln, the President is a good storyteller, but his stories are never off color. Moreover, he takes an almost childlike joy in practical jokes and in jollying his friends.

The head of the company which makes the cigarette which he smokes called on him one day. At the time another company was carrying on an advertising campaign consisting of senatorial endorsements.

"Those competitors of yours," said the President, "have put one over on you. In order to counteract it, you should get an endorsement from me."

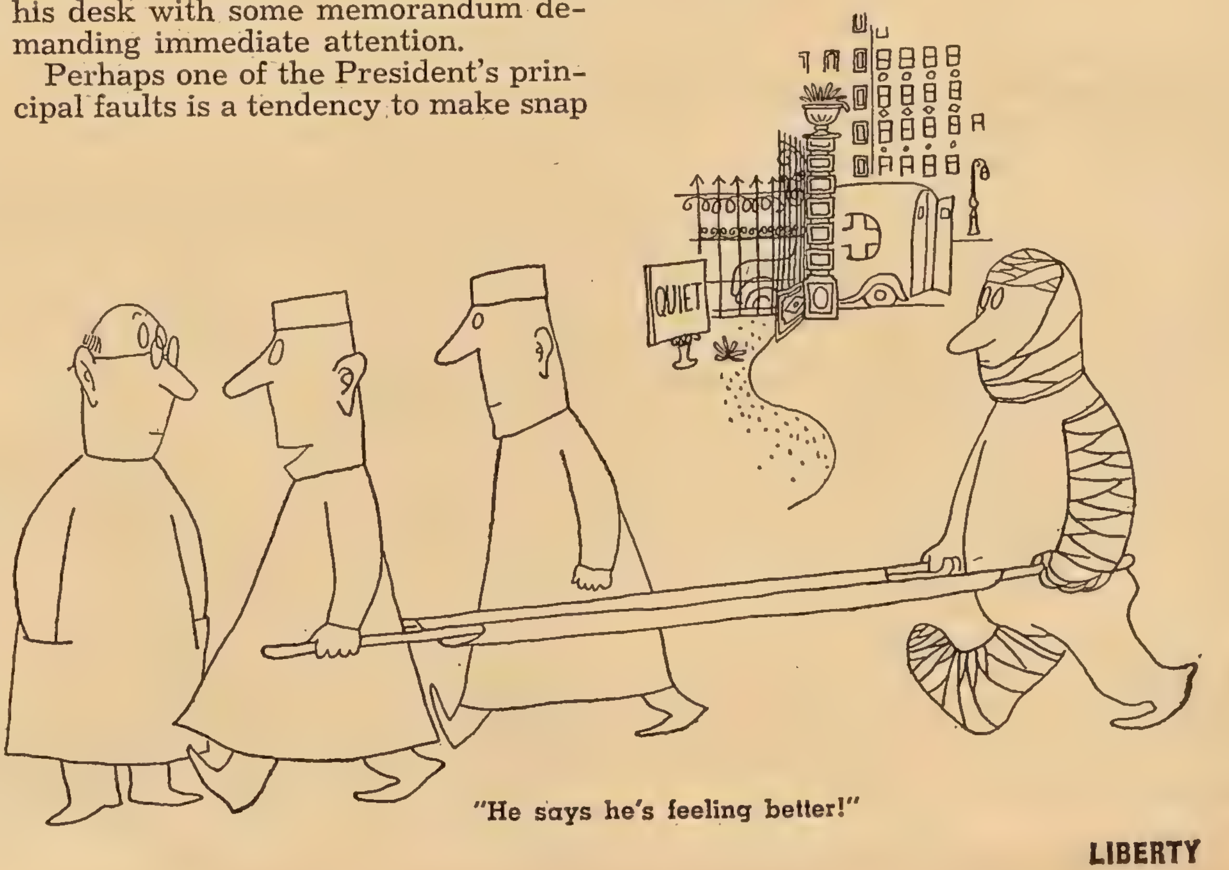
The tobacco man's eyes opened wide. "Would you do that?" he asked.

"That depends upon how much you would pay," Mr. Roosevelt said.

The visitor swallowed hook, line, and sinker—and almost shouted: "You write what you want and we'll send you our check for fifty thousand dollars."

"That's a lot of money," the President quietly remarked. "I do not see how I can turn it down. I'll do it. And I'll tell you what I'll write: 'I have been smoking the same brand of cigarette for many years, and as far as I know the president of the company which makes them and I are the only people who smoke them.'"

In reality, Mr. Roosevelt is more than careful that his use of any product should not serve for the advantage of its maker. He is particular to remove the package of his favorite brand of cigarettes which lies on his desk when a photograph is taken. I



"He says he's feeling better!"

introduced in one of my drawings a distinctive type of lamp he was using at one time. When he saw it he asked me to take it out, as he feared the manufacturers might in some way refer to it.

He often recalls an experience of his own to illustrate a point he wants to make. Instead of telling me in so many words that he had a high opinion of Latin-American culture, he spoke of a trip that he had made to Venezuela with a classmate during a college vacation. It was their first evening in Caracas and they wanted to see a show—preferably a musical comedy. They asked the hotel proprietor, and he advised going to the opera to hear a great tenor who was singing there. They thought that was sort of highbrow, so they inquired of a waiter and a hack driver. But the answer was the same. Not knowing what else to do, they went and heard Caruso sing in Pagliacci.

"Here we were two students," said Mr. Roosevelt, "yet neither of us had ever heard of Caruso, who, by the way, up to that time had not sung in the United States. Yet down in Venezuela he was well known not only to the so-called educated people but also to the man in the street. Do you think we had any right to feel superior in culture?"

Turning abstract ideas into concrete examples is characteristic of the President. Theories do not convey the same message to him as facts. The plight of individual farmers means more to him than all the ideas which scientists evolve about them. He views the country as a collection of individuals. He speaks of the forgotten man, not forgotten men.

LONG before he was elected governor he amassed a profound knowledge of what the citizens of this country were thinking. This was gained through a vast correspondence carried on not with politicians but with the "little people." Many letters written on scraps of paper picked up in country stores brought long replies from him. I happen to know of a trapper in Arizona to whom he sent a four-page letter containing his ideas on government, and an Iowa farmer who received an equally full explanation of his views on agriculture. Today, busy as he is, he keeps up some personal correspondence.

Saturdays and Sundays, when appointments are fewer, are great days for catching up with this correspondence. One of the reasons he manages to get through this tremendous amount of work is because he can dictate rapidly and seldom asks to have repeated what he has said. I have been in his office when he has dictated an important state paper. He did this as if he were carrying on an ordinary conversation. Yet, when the shorthand notes had been transcribed and read to him, he did not change one word.

He writes many of his speeches in longhand after the material has been collected for him, and his secretaries always are surprised at the few corrections which he makes in these. He goes over addresses which others have prepared for him, but by the time he is through with them they have become largely his work.

One day when I was with him I expressed wonder that he signed so many letters himself. But when I asked why he did not, like some business executives, have one of his secretaries imitate his signature, he looked at me in surprise and exclaimed, "I am an autograph collector myself!"

His mother once told me that ever since he was a little boy he has been collecting something or other. At first it was birds' eggs. Then came a botanical craze and while still a youngster he knew the name and characteristics of every tree and bush on his mother's estate in Hyde Park.

WHILE at Harvard he started his library. When he discovered that a general library such as he would like was out of the question, he decided to confine his collection to books on our navy. Now he owns almost every book and pamphlet which has been published on the subject.

However, his reading has been general. Moreover, he has the ability to skim through a book and almost instinctively separate the wheat from the chaff. Few men know the history of this country up to 1830 as well as he. His knowledge of geography is surprising and he rarely needs a map to follow the war's campaigns. He is an admirer of Kipling and has most of the first editions of that author. Poetry does not appeal to him, but even now he finds time for an occasional detective story. He likes the kind in which the victim is found murdered in the first chapter. When his private library, which consisted of about 10,000 books, was in his town and country houses, he could go to a shelf and pick out the volume he wanted without consulting a catalogue.

He has a keen appreciation of fine bindings, and once, while he was signing a treaty with Mexico, he called me to his desk to admire the tooling on the leather cover.

Many of his books were bought at auctions. So was a painting of John Paul Jones which turned out to be the original from which the well known steel engraving was made. There, too, he bid in a large collection of cartoons by Thomas Nast. One of these, showing T. R. as a young assemblyman, and a picture of Grover Cleveland hung opposite his bed in his New York home.

There is a streak of sentiment and romance in the President, and when he speaks about his stamps, his lithographs, and his ship models, one senses that all of them carry for him a special message and the associations connected with them play as important a part as the objects themselves.

He cannot devote as much time to his hobbies these days as he once did. His daily sessions with his stamps have now become weekly or biweekly minutes. He has little time for reading. However, he has the happy faculty of being able to throw off his cares and to devote himself wholeheartedly to some hobby for diversion. No matter how troubled he is, he can go to bed and soon fall asleep. Were this not so, he could not stand the strain.

His day starts about nine o'clock, when he calls for his secretaries. He is still in bed, has had his breakfast and glanced through the morning papers. If the day is chilly he has a blue cape thrown over his shoulders, and his long cigarette holder is already in use. While appointments and other business of the day are gone over, it is not too early for him to have a joke or two, sometimes at the expense of one of his visitors. Harry Hopkins is also there, and before the President starts for his executive office important matters are discussed with his most confidential adviser.

He rarely leaves the executive office until evening, and his lunch is served in a hot box wheeled from the White House kitchen. Sometimes it is very simple; I have been with him when it consisted of a sandwich and tomato juice. He is not fussy about what he eats and his taste ranges from pâté de foie gras to corned beef and cabbage. Bananas are the only food he actually dislikes; even their odor is distasteful to him.

He prefers hot weather to cold, and on warm days I have noticed that he modifies the air conditioning in the executive office by keeping one of the windows slightly open.

"The children's hour," as he calls it, is no longer the regular routine. But during prewar days, before his swim in the White House pool, the Presidential secretaries gathered in his office for a cup of tea at five thirty. These days he is also often compelled to give up his swimming.

Before he became President, Mr. Roosevelt was not particular about what he wore. True to Harvard tradition, he kept the same hat for years, and unless Mrs. Roosevelt bought new ties for him he would put on the same old one day after day.

NOW he apparently gives more thought to clothes, and I have heard him ask his secretary to find out if he were expected to wear a black tie for dinner. He prefers lounge suits, and a gleam appears in his eyes if a visitor happens to notice that he has on a new one. He himself is aware of what those about him wear, and an unfamiliar frock or millinery creation is apt to call forth a Presidential compliment.

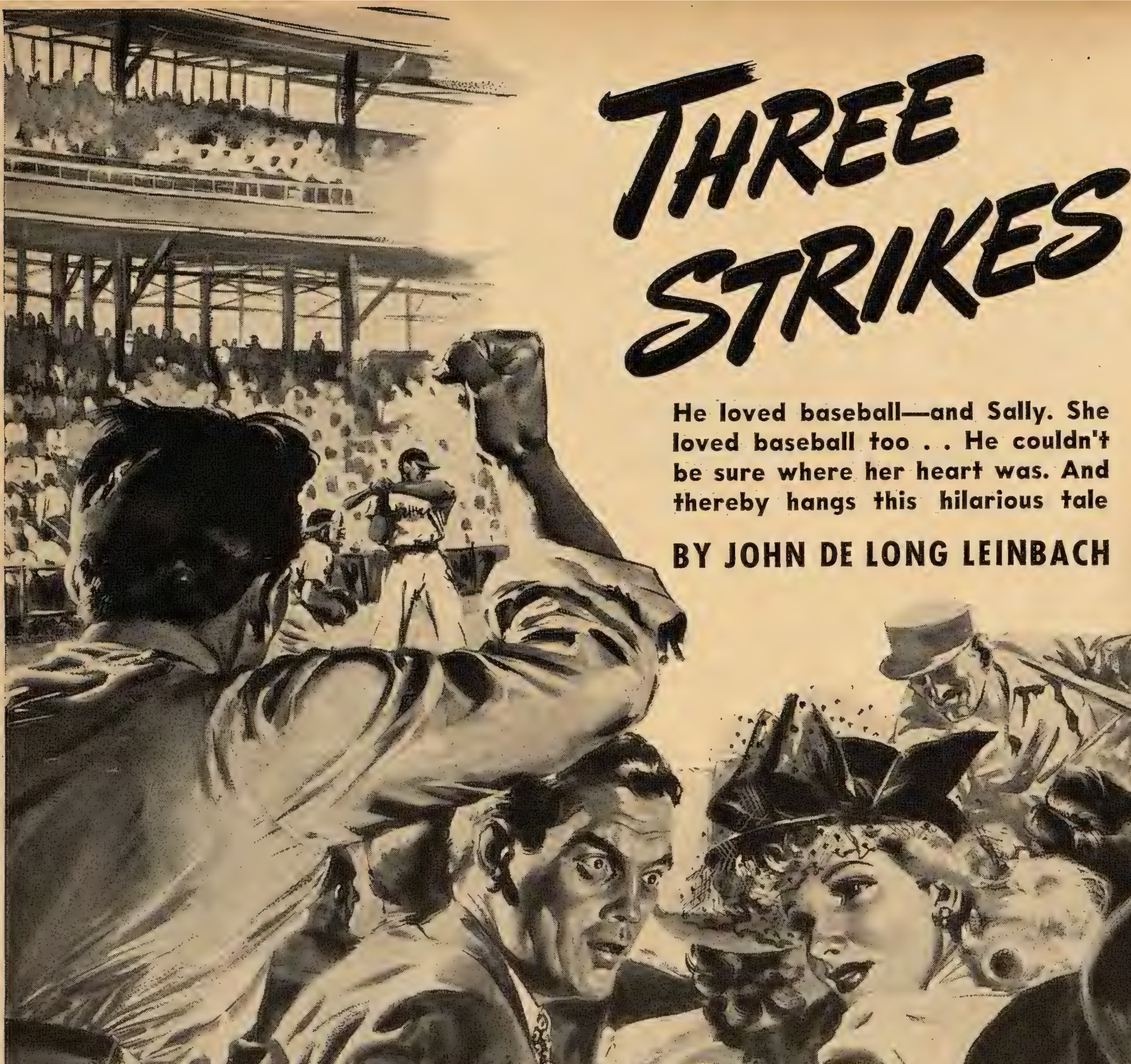
Nine years in the White House have not taken the pep out of the President. He is still as ebullient as ever. He can still look on the brighter side of things and "pack up his troubles in his old kit bag." Despite the disappointments and heartaches he has suffered, like a predecessor of the same name he is having a "perfectly bully time." *And he shows it.*

Next week Liberty will present an article by columnist Samuel Grafton on the "secret" of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Presidential success.

THREE STRIKES

He loved baseball—and Sally. She loved baseball too . . He couldn't be sure where her heart was. And thereby hangs this hilarious tale

BY JOHN DE LONG LEINBACH



He hollered, "Take that bum outta there!" "That's Mike behind us," I said to Sally.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WENDELL KLING

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

TO begin with, I was on my way to the ball game. Giants versus Dodgers. And that's the next best thing to a World Series tussle! Well, the sun was shining, the birds were singing, the flowers were blooming . . .

When suddenly I heard some one say:

"I object!"

There's only one man—not a member of the Union League—who says that. Sam Granby. "Lawyer" Sam. He's always objecting. To Roosevelt, to Hitler, to rationing, to cucumbers—even to ball games.

And right now he seemed to be objecting to Sally Carr. Which is no way for a gentleman to act.

"I object," he repeated. For emphasis, no doubt.

Mentally, Sally stamped her foot. "Now, Samuel Granby, that's not fair!"

"Whaddaya mean — it's not fair? Last night you said—" Sam stopped short and groaned, "What's the use?"

"Oh!" There was a lot of meaning in that "oh." Somehow, it seemed to call Sam a very nasty name.

He tried again: "Sally, will you be logical—"

Well, I could see Sam was losing out—lawyer or no lawyer. And since, after all, he's one of my friends—has been for years, in school and out—well, I figured I ought to do something.

So I said, "Pardon me, is this the Good-Will Court?"

"Oh, hello." Sally and I weren't friends particularly—just friends of Sam's. Her tone of voice described it exactly.

Sam was more cordial. "Hiya," he said. Then, "It's private."

Just the same, I went on: "Well, don't stop on my account. I *like* to listen."

But they did stop. Probably it was just a practice quarrel, anyhow—for their coming marriage. Of course, that last wasn't official, but everybody expected it. In the fall, maybe. Sally used to go out with Jim Grubb a good bit, but he was in the army. And she went out with Sam most of the time now. So—

She changed the subject. *"Where* are you going, Tom?"

Or was that a suggestion?

"Out to the ball game," I confided.

"Really? Oh, I just *adore* baseball! I wish *I* were going."

"Well, Sam"—that would patch it up —"why don't you break down and take the girl?"

Then I realized that was a mistake. If they went, they'd go with *me!* And nothing is worse than a blonde at a ball game. One at a time—fine. But not together!

However, Sam relieved my mind:

"No, I can't. I'm going away—I told you that! Besides, Sally was just trying to—"

"Sam!" Apparently Sally didn't care to discuss it further.

Then it happened.

Sally Carr turned to me and smiled. It was like the sun breaking over a snow-covered mountain peak. I'd never thought of her as beautiful before. But she was. Pretty as all nature! "Tom," she said, in a voice that melted the snowtop into a river of rain, "Tom, I'd love to go along with you—if you'll let me pay my way." The last part trailed off into nothingness.

Oh, bury me on the lone prai-rie! There it was—the-blonde-at-the-ball-game set-up. And with me the victim. Yet—I can't say why—I almost *liked* the idea—with Sally Carr as the blonde.

Of course Sam wouldn't like it. I knew that. He'd object.

I meant to say no—tactfully. Then I realized Sally had taken my arm; we were walking down the street together.

I looked back at Sam. One look was enough. He was objecting, all right. Mad as a hornet!

And, after all, I'd only wanted to help him. I turned to Sally—half hoping, half despairing. "He objects."

"Uh-huh," she agreed softly. "Let him."

Then she stopped short, took her arm out of mine, and looked straight into my heart. "Tom—you don't mind, do you?"

You know, Sally has the bluest eyes. A sort of deep blue. Deep and exciting. Like the ocean tide.

Then we were walking again.

WE got good seats. Right behind first base. That much was fine. But I felt a little uneasy. I waited—expecting Sally to let out a blood-curdling shriek at the first loud foul—or worse. It worried me. Still, you had to admit she was pretty. No doubt about that. Why, just sitting beside her stirred up a kind of warm feeling inside.

And it was a great day for a ball game.

So we sat there, Sally enthusiastic. All through the infield practice she kept saying over and over how much she adored baseball and how sweet I was to bring her. Oh, well—as long as she didn't scream in the wrong places.

Soon the game started. The first inning went by, and the second and third. No score. Sally clapped politely. Once she said of the visiting second baseman, "He should have played a little more over to his left. Stokes pulls a lot of his hits."

That set me to wondering.

In the home half of the fourth Babe Stokes came up to bat again. He's one of my favorites. When he connects, he can really give that ball a ride. But he strikes out a lot. Anyhow, here was his chance. A man on second, one out.

Then the guy behind me hollered, "Agh, ya bum, siddown! Take that bum outa there!"

No, it couldn't be. Yes, it was. Mike.

"That's Mike behind us," I said to Sally.

"Is it? Who's Mike?"

That's right—she didn't know. "He's the chief dispenser at Burke's Pharmacy," I explained.

"I'll bet he doesn't know a sinker from a change of pace," she said.

I almost fell out of my seat. Was it possible that a female girl like Sally, especially such a pretty one, knew what baseball was all about?

That strange inner glow began to turn into flame. Suddenly and unaccountably.

Meanwhile, Stokes had just watched three of the most beautiful strikes you ever saw float gracefully by. The stands were in an uproar.

Mike shouted, "Agh, go back to the minors, ya joik!" That for the crowd; then to us, "He's a joik."

I turned around. He winked at me.

"All right, he's a jerk," I laughed. "But I'm surprised at *you* calling him that."

"Yeah, why?"

"Well, aren't you a jerk, too? A soda jerk?"

"Yeah, that's right, ain't it?" he admitted. "Well, I bet he ain't in the union."

That was quite possible.

But then Sally put in her two cents: "And anybody that can hit .300 four years in a row is no jerk, either—.342 last year."

Mike was bloody but unbowed. "Agh, he's no big-leaguer. Most of them hits is phonies. He oughta be back in Toledo, or wherever that place is he come from."

"He came up from Springfield in the Three-I League," Sally corrected him. "In '37. Besides," she added, "I think he's cute."

That convinced me. "Sally," I said, "you're wonderful. Will you marry me now—or later?"

She laughed—a very pleasant laugh; and the flame inside me became a four-alarm fire.

Well, the rest of the ball game just resolved into a beautiful dream. I remember some things. I remember Mike mumbling about the girls today being too smart for their own good—or anybody else's, for that matter. I remember Stokes getting a hit next time up, but nobody was on base at the time. Then, in the last of the ninth, he came up with the tying run on third and the winning run on second. This time he didn't keep the bat on his shoulder. No, indeed! This time he swung—once, twice, three times. And the game was over.

Later Sally explained, "He struck out—the joik!"

ON the way home Sally got down to cases.

"I suppose you're wondering," she ventured, "what Sam was objecting to this time."

"Nope; I was wondering where you ever learned so much baseball."

"Oh, that."

"Yes, that. Why, you know as much as *I* do about it. And I've been following baseball for years."

"So have I," she admitted.

"Then it's true—you *were* born in the lower grandstand?"

She laughed—the melody of a mountain cascade.

"No," she explained; "but we lived

there three years. Pop had the popcorn concession."

"That's the reason," I concluded.

A pause. Then Sally went on: "Daddy used to take me out to the games often," she said. "He'd always hoped I'd be a boy."

That's like wanting silver when you've got gold.

"And Jim Grubb used to take me sometimes."

The guy in the army. I began to wish they'd transfer him from Fort Dix to Camp Blanding, or Haan, or some place.

"Yep. Well, it's a cinch Sam never taught you," I pointed out unnecessarily. "He thinks a bat is a three-day drunk."

What an audience! She laughed again. "Yes, Sam objects to bats."

"How long have you known Sam?" I asked.

"Oh—maybe two years. He worked in daddy's law office, you know. So did I—as secretary."

"You like Sam pretty well, don't you?"

"Ungh-huh." She thought a minute. "Some day he'll be a great lawyer. Maybe a judge." She blushed and reversed her field. "I was supposed to go to a U. S. O. dance tonight."

"You mean—and dance with all the soldiers and sailors?"

"Um-m. Something like that."

"Well, that's great. Why don't you?"

She explained: "That was the trouble between Sam and me before."

"He didn't want you to go? Illegal, I'll bet. See 23US1492, page 83—Granby vs. U. S. O."

"No; he wouldn't take me."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he said he'd planned for three weeks to go to his grandmother's house this week-end, and he couldn't disappoint her."

"Yeah, that's right," I recalled. "He told me a couple of—"

"Now don't *you* stick up for him, too!"

What had *I* said?

Sally went on: "He knew very well I was going to this U. S. O. dance. Long before that. He just didn't want to go, the—the stubborn mule!"

Yep. Well, that's life.

Then it happened—the second time. "Tom, would *you* go with me?" she asked, purring with her eyelashes.

This time I didn't even struggle. "Why—uh—sure. Tonight?"

"Ungh-huh—at eight o'clock."

It was settled. Sally and I were going to the U. S. O. dance. In just a few hours.

One thing still bothered me. "*I* don't have to dance with the soldiers, do I?"

"No, silly!" She was laughing again—and somehow I was glad I was going, even if I couldn't understand exactly why.

THE dance was a big success as far as Sally was concerned. But an even bigger success for the service boys. After all, they don't have beautiful blondes five feet two and eyes of laughing sea blue. They don't have them at training camps or on battleships. At least, so they told me.

But the whole affair was a washout for me. I only saw Sally occasionally—always in a cluster of uniforms. And we spoke but once—midway through the evening. The music had just stopped and she was chatting with two soldiers. I motioned her aside and asked innocently, "Sally, is this next dance for me?"

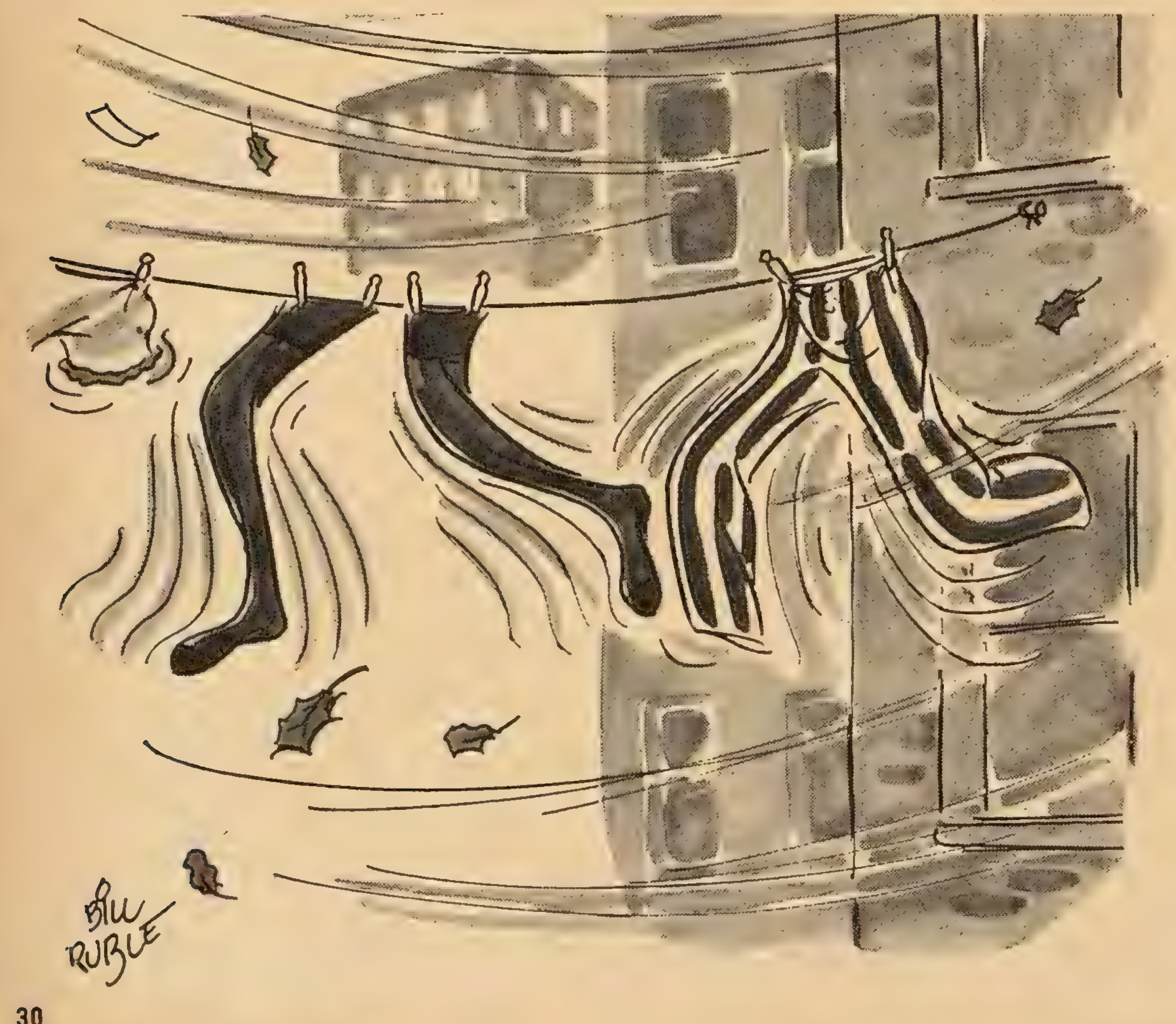
"Oh, no; I couldn't!" She was horrified at the thought. Or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

"How about half of it?"

"Positively no," she said, pouting prettily. "Think of the soldiers!"

I had been. All evening.

She added, "It'll be over soon. Then we can go home—together."



We could go home together. Oh, well, that was something.

She turned back to the two soldiers. "I'm so sorry. Then what did the sergeant say?"

That was that. I returned to the side lines—wiser and sadder.

Several times I tried to talk to the boys in uniform. But we didn't get along so well. Their topic of conversation was the camp, or the town they came from. Mine wasn't. One time, though, we got a beauty going—on the ball game. Some of them had seen it. It was a brief flurry. Then they wandered off.

Meanwhile I could at least make myself useful. So I volunteered to pass a tray around. Some kind of cheese sandwiches, with green stuff chopped up in them. They were good but too small. You were always afraid you'd bite your finger instead of the sandwich.

Three days later, it seemed, the dance ended. There hadn't been any fights, not even any loud arguments. A good time was had by all. Except me.

Sally glided over to where I was. "All ready whenever you are," she proclaimed gayly. And inside me the dying embers began to stir again.

"Well, you wouldn't believe it," I said, "but I've been ready all evening."

"Have you, Tom?" Softly.

"Let's go," I said.

THERE was a long subway ride, and then we were walking to her home. It was a beautiful night. Warm, but with just the trace of a cooling breeze that licked against your cheek like a dog's tongue.

The stars gave promise of another clear day ahead.

Sally inhaled deeply and sighed. "It's gorgeous, isn't it? Simply scrumptious!"

Then she entwined her arm around mine, gazed hard at the distant darkened sky, and said, "Look at the moon."

I looked. But the moon was no longer a man. It had shining white teeth, a broad smile, ruby-red lips, a small turned-up nose, a head of golden hair—and the prettiest laughing blue eyes you ever saw.

"Beautiful," I said a moment later. "Like you."

She didn't reply at once—just laughed in that little way of hers that made your heart do nip-ups.

Then, just for a minute, it stopped dead. She was sighing, "I wonder what Sam's doing now."

But just for a minute. Then it began all over again. "Tom," she said, "you were awfully sweet to go with me tonight." She hesitated. "Why did you do it?"

"Well, you asked me to—didn't you?"

"Is that why?"

"Well—sure. What better reason is there?"

She sidestepped gracefully: "Oh, I thought maybe you'd *want* to do something like that. For the boys."

"Well, sure. I'm glad I did—if I was any help. I felt sort of useless, that's all."

"Oh, but you *weren't!*" she assured me. "You weren't at all!"

It needed explaining. So she explained:

"You helped pass the sandwiches and you talked to some of the boys. Just being there was a help." And, to clinch it, "And how would I have gotten home without you?"

"Gosh, I was the life of the party, wasn't I?" I was only kidding, of course.

"And doesn't it make you feel proud just to know you're helping the soldiers? It does me. In a way, when I help them I feel I'm helping Jim—and the others I know."

Jim's the guy in the army.

"Yeah, I suppose so," I said.

We had reached the front steps of her home. It looked unreal, ghostly, in the flickering lamplight. The fitful breeze rustled the leaves ever so softly.

"Well, here's where you get off," I said. My regret showed through.

"Um-m," she agreed. "It's been a wonderful day, hasn't it? The ball game, the dance, the evening. And you've been wonderful, too. I don't know how to thank you!"

"Well, I have a suggestion." Nothing ventured—

"What?"

"A date tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow?" She considered it. "All right. Good night, Tom."

"No, wait!" I stayed her arm.

"Yes?" Breathlessly.

"To prove I'm not dreaming, will you do one thing for me?"

"Well, what?"

"Tell me—who's leading the National League in home runs?"

A starry look came into her eyes. "Babe Stokes," she said, "with eighteen."

Then she laughed, and disappeared into the shadows, and the front door closed with a click.

That hot spot inside me was a fire burning wildly again. Was it, I wondered—could it possibly be love? I didn't know.

But whatever it was—I liked it.

WE SAW a lot of each other during the weeks that followed—Sally and I. Looking back, I realize I was a goner from the start—from the very first moment at the ball game when I discovered the only girl in the world who spoke the language of baseball.

Anyhow, my condition got worse and worse. Each meeting added fuel to the fire that was consuming me.

The girl was a wonder! You'd ask her who caught for the White Sox. She'd tell you—just like that. Ask her about the infield fly rule. Bingo, she had the answer. Wasting that baseball savvy on Sam—well, that would be sprinkling sugar on vinegar.

No, it wasn't the summer heat that bothered me; it was love. I became sure of it. And what a feeling! I began seeing myself in wedding togs, waiting at the foot of the aisle for the bride—Sally Carr. With six U. S. O. hostesses standing by, serving cheese sandwiches.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

1. **At what rate Henry Ford will soon be turning out flying fortresses, airplane motors, armored cars, and jeeps?**
2. **How many Allied soldiers are massed in the Near and Middle East to prevent a Nazi-Jap junction?**
3. **How much a sailor recently invested in Victory Bonds in exchange for Lana Turner's kiss?**
4. **What President Roosevelt said about the applause tendered him on his South American tour?**
5. **In what year baseball "rookie" Ray Starr made his debut in organized baseball?**

Answers on pages 12, 50, 21, 25, and 42.

Sometimes I'd hear her saying softly, "Yes, Tom darling, I've always wanted to marry you—ever since I was a little girl." Of course, we hadn't known each other then.

At other times I'd hear her whisper, "Tommy, I love you *very* much. I love *you*, and I love Babe Stokes, who just got another homer—that makes twenty."

It was solid happiness. Especially seeing her so often—two, usually three nights a week. Frankly, I'd have taken *all* her time.

But there was Sam.

Sam still rated with Sally—no doubt about that. He had as many dates as I did. And he was just as anxious to marry her, too. Sam was something to figure on, all right. He'd have to be eliminated. And I expected to do just that.

BUT—speaking of Sam—our own relations had been strained ever since the day of the ball game. He passed me on the street now, and refused to speak. After all our years of friendship, too! It was odd—I felt uneasy about it. Heaven help the innocent bystanders when we finally *had* to speak.

Oh, well, we'd patch it up. And at the wedding I'd have Sam as one of my ushers—to show there were no hard feelings on my part. And Jim Grubb to represent the U. S. O. As for the wedding reception, we could have it in the grandstand, for all I cared.

Yes, everything was rosy. Except for one thing. I was living on borrowed time—borrowed from the local draft board. They had doctors stalking me in dark alleys to take my pulse and my blood pressure. An army tailor followed me around, taking measurements. In short, they were planning to send me to a fresh-air camp for the summer. And the winter, too.

But nothing definite. All the board would say was: "Don't take any long trips. We may need you." It was too late for that trip to Tahiti.

So, I figured, time was short. I'd have to act fast.

I had that in mind one night when I arrived for a scheduled date with Sally.

The door opened, and I said with all the fervor at my command, "Lady, I'm mad for you!"

And Mrs. Carr said, "Hello, Tommy. I'll tell Sally you're here."

I waited on the porch.

When Sally came out, she inquired, "What goes on between you and mother?" But she didn't laugh.

"I admire the good woman," I said, "because she's your mother. That's all."

"Oh." She said it very dully.

"What's wrong? Aren't you feeling well?"

"Oh, yes, I feel fine." But she didn't sound it.

"I have it!" A thought struck me. "It's because the team lost today. Well, they can't—"

"Oh, did they?"

"Well, yeah—9 to 3. What a beating! Hear about Stokes?"

She guessed, "He chased the umpire with a meat ax?"

"No. He hit another homer—with one on." It sounded hollow.

SALLY leveled her gaze at me. "Baseball," she said unhappily. "Baseball! All you ever talk about is baseball!"

Silence.

"All right," I suggested. "Let's talk about something else."

"All right," she echoed. "What?" as if she were daring me to think of another topic.

So I took the dare. A joke would do the trick. I said, "All right; let's talk about you." That would startle her.

"Oh, fine," said she.

"You know what? I dreamed about you last night."

"You dreamed about *me?* Oh, you shouldn't have!" Sarcasm.

"Yep. You know why?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I was asleep!"

The proposed laugh caught in my throat.

She jumped from her chair, stamped her foot, and blurted out, "Oh, you're impossible!" All at the same time.

My foot was in it—up to my neck. I swallowed hard and stammered out an apology.

Then she sat down again. Her tone changed. "Oh, I'm sorry, too," she said. "I'm acting very badly. Forgive me, Tom?"

"Well, sure." I was willing.

"Tom—" She was pleading with her eyes. It stirred tears in my heart. "Tom, will you do me a favor—a big one?"

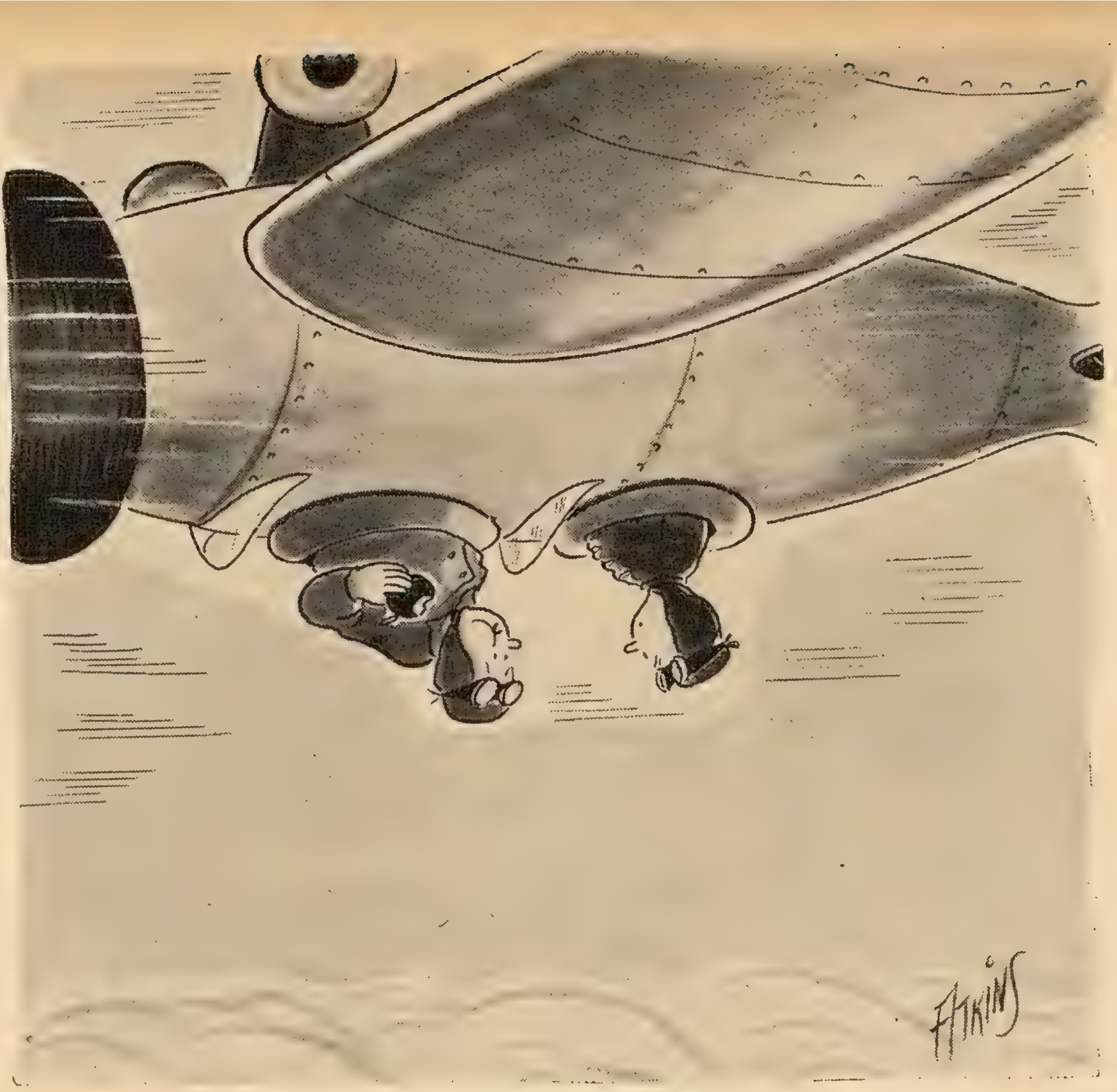
"Sure."

"Tom, will you go home now and try to forget I acted this way? Forget all about it?"

"Well—yes." Reluctantly.

"I know you're going into the army soon, and it's not fair, and we have something to talk over with each other and all—something important. But not now—not tonight. I'll call you—"

Gosh, but she was pretty! I think, the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. Her hair, her snow-white teeth, the suggestion of a dimple when she smiled, her eyes—



"Could you roll us over a minute, Joe? I just took a bite of apple and I'd like to swallow it."

As I went home, though, I wondered what it was we had to "talk over." Was there something she had to say? Was I moving too slowly? Or too fast? Or perhaps—perhaps she had decided on —Sam!

I didn't sleep well that night. Nor the next.

I WAS still stewing over my heart trouble when Sunday afternoon arrived. So I dropped into the drugstore to see Mike. He was there.

I went over to the counter, sat down, and said, "Hi, Mike."

"Hello, there," he said heartily. "Who was that little spitfire you had to the ball game and where ya been lately?"

"They both have the same answer, Mike—Sally Carr."

"Say," he said, "you ain't gettin' soft on that little wildcat?"

"Yep. Sorta."

"Good gosh, man! You'd be fightin' every minute of the day!" Now the advice would start. "Take at the game. I say Stokes is from the Toledo club. She says Springfield. So what? He's from the minors, ain't he? That's what I said—he belongs in the minors. Well, where'd he come from? The minors. So she has to argue about it. I'm tellin' ya—life's too short."

"Yeah, well, Mike—"

"Another thing. I wouldn't marry that doll—not on your life. Imagine arguin' baseball wit' your wife! Lemme tell ya, there's enough to argue about—me and the old lady found that out—without addin' in new things like baseball."

"Mike, who said I was going to marry her?"

"When I say a strike is a strike, me old lady says, O.K., it's a strike."

"Won't cross a picket line, huh?"

"I been happily married fifteen years. Just because me old lady don't know no baseball!"

That seemed like cutting it a little fine.

"Get me a root beer, will you, Mike?" At least, that would change the subject—and it might even taste good.

"MAKE it two," said a voice beside me. "Hello, you horse's face."

"Oh, hello, Sam." Well, it had happened. "How are you?"

"Just strong enough to kick your teeth in," he confided to me. By his tone, I figured he planned on trying it, too.

"You've gotten stronger, then, since *I* knew you," I said.

"What's the idea?"

"What's *what* idea?"

"Taking out my girl? Trying to horn in?"

"*Your* girl?" I wondered: "Since when? Are you married to her? No. Are you engaged? No. *You* know her and *I* know her. That's all."

"Damn it"—he was mad all right—"I *knew* you'd be a skunk about it. Where'd you take her last Friday?"

That was the night of my early home-coming. What had *he* heard?

"Let's see—last Friday," I said. "Oh, yes! To the Great Desert. Sand, sand as far as eye could see. Burning, blistering sun. We became mad with thirst. 'Water,' we cried, 'water! Give us water!' "

"Here's your beers," said Mike. "And if you two don't shut up, you'll get that water right smack in the puss. Now what's your trouble?"

"It's that girl," I said.

"O-o-o-oh, yeah!" It suddenly dawned on Mike. "I thought I seen her somewheres! That's Sam's girl, ain't it?"

"So he tells me," I said.

"Well, if ya was to ask me," Mike went on, "I'd say you was both crazy. She's too smart-aleck. One of those wise dolls. They're no good for marryin'. Why, I betcha she knows more'n *I* do!"

"There's no sense in exaggerating, Mike," I said.

Sam came in again. "Leave her out of this," he said. "Tom, that was a lousy trick, making her go to the ball game with you. You knew I had to leave town. And following it up behind my back—that's the lousiest part! I object to the whole thing."

"Overruled," I said.

"Exception." Always the lawyer. He fixed me with an exceptionally dirty look. "I thought you were my friend," he sneered.

Now he was finding the range.

"I am, Sam—I hope. But I like Sally," I said. "I can't help it any more than you can."

"Do you want to marry her?" He was nothing if not direct.

"Well—it wouldn't be bad."

"Answer yes or no."

I certainly didn't plan to be talked out of it.

"All right, yes—if you put it that way," I said. There it was—like a kippered herring.

"Well," said Sam, very seriously, "I'd planned on that myself."

"That's what I figured," I admitted. I was feeling like a rat.

"Well," Sam continued, "in court we bring the problem out into the open, bring all the parties concerned together, and reach a decision."

"That's exactly what to do." Mike was in again. "Make her do the deciding."

"LOOK, Sam," I pleaded. "In court that may be great. But that's not the answer to this."

"I think it is." Sam was positive. "She's the only one who can decide."

"Yeah," said Mike, "have a showdown and you'll both feel better." He added solemnly, "Me sympathies to the winner."

Sam proclaimed the will of the court. "That's just what we'll do," he said. "Right now!"

"I object," I said.

"Come on," he said. "You started all this mess, anyhow." He thought over my remark. "And if there's any objecting to be done, *I'll* do it!"

"But"—I tried to bring back reality—"but you don't *do* things this way with girls."

Mike winked at me. "Go ahead," he said. "Get it over with."

I still don't know what that wink meant.

Sam grabbed my arm, wheeled, and called, "See you later, Mike." And we walked out the door. "Taxi," shouted Sam.

And I felt the thickness of my wallet. I'd have to pay it—Sam was always fresh out of spare change.

A cab tore up to the curb. There was a grinding of brakes and the rear door flew open.

"Get in," said Sam.

I did. He did. We were off.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the cabby.

"Number 5229 Boulevard Vista," Sam proclaimed.

Sam was in his element—the man of action in action.

To me, his courtroom method—putting the case on trial, as it were—didn't look like the answer. Not the normal answer, anyhow. Just the same, it would bring matters to a head—in a hurry. I wanted that, too. So I figured to go along and see.

I saw plenty.

BY the time our cab screeched to a halt in front of the Carr home I was beginning to hope Sally would be out. But not Sam. He hopped right out. In fact, he could hardly wait till I paid off the cabby.

We climbed the front steps.

"Look, Sam—" I began.

"Now, don't try to back down! We're going in!"

"All right," I agreed hopelessly. "But we can't *both* storm in on her like this."

"Then we'll toss for it. Heads you go in first." He reached for a coin.

"Oh, no, you don't!" I cried. "It's your idea—*you* go in first." At least, I wouldn't have the explaining to do.

"O. K." He rang the doorbell.

Sally opened the front door. She seemed a little startled to see the two of us there together, and I didn't blame her.

"Mind if I come in?" inquired Sam, as if it were just another day. He took her arm and led her inside. "Now, we're going to talk this whole thing over like rational human beings," he was saying as the door shut. That sounded like a poor start to me.

The next few minutes were agony—in its most horrible form. At first I hoped I was dreaming; but I knew I wasn't. I tried to whistle. No go. I sat on the steps, got up, sat on a porch chair and began rocking furiously. My gosh, my whole future was hanging in the balance! Marriage is pretty important to a man. I could feel my hair turning gray.

And what if Sam won? He might, too! He was a smooth talker. Tall, good-looking. Sure to make his mark in life, Sally had said. The trouble was, he knew it.

But Sally would never fall for a stunt like this. Not Sally. The only thing was—I was in on it, too, in a way. My gosh, why hadn't I left well enough alone?

I thought of running away—but that wasn't the answer. I'd have to stay and face it. Perhaps a flash of lightning? No. I thought of the dying bridge player who asked to be buried with simple honors.

At last the door opened. It was Sally—alone.

"Hello," I managed to blurt out. "Where's—where's—uh—Sam?"

She spoke evenly: "He's not strong enough to walk yet."

I swallowed hard.

Sally came over and sat next to me. "Oh, Tom!" She was on the verge of tears.

"Well—uh—Sam told you—all about it?" I didn't know what to say.

"Ungh-huh."

"Yeah. Well, did you— Um, is Sam—"

I just couldn't get it out.

She shook her head. "Case dismissed," she said, "for obvious reasons." She clenched her little fist. "I think he's—hateful!"

I sighed—a great sigh of relief. That was that. And that left—me! My breath began to race and I felt stifled and choked and I certainly was throbbing all over.

Suddenly Sally smiled. Gosh, but she was beautiful!

"But I'm a little disappointed in you," she said gently, "agreeing to a mad scheme like this." Then, thinking it over, "I guess I deserve it for acting so dreadfully Friday night."

"Oh, that?"

"Tom—" Suddenly her attitude changed. "I tried to tell you this last Friday—I've got to now." And she squinted her eyes.

I didn't like them that way.

"This is hard for me to say, Tom," she went on. "Tom, you think you're in love with me, don't you?"

I wanted to say, "I am, Sally." Impressively, as they do it in the movies. But my throat was too dry.

"You're not, Tom. Not really," she was saying. "You're in love with Babe Stokes and—and baseball. You're a very sweet boy, and I like you. But—I just *like* you. Do you understand, Tom?"

That was my cue to leave; but I couldn't even stand up.

THEN Sam staggered out on to the porch. I don't know how *I* looked, but he looked for all the world like a man who had playfully sat in the electric chair—and somebody had turned on the juice.

"I'm going," he said—in an old man's voice.

"No—just a minute!" Sally made him sit down. "I haven't finished."

What else was there?

"Gentlemen, while we're having this little gathering," Sally continued, amid absolute silence except for the buzzing of an irreverent fly, "gentlemen, in conclusion, I take great pleasure in announcing my forthcoming marriage to Jim Grubb."

The guy in the army.

"He loves me," she sighed. "And I love him!"

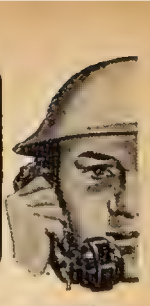
A faraway look came into her sea-blue eyes. It suggested the curtain falling on the last act.

Sam didn't even object.

I began to laugh. I don't know why. It wasn't funny.

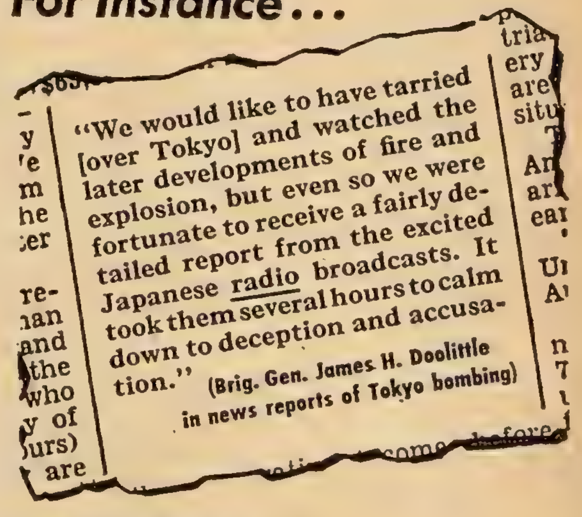
THE END

1917 WAR
RUN BY
TELEPHONE



1942 WAR
RUN BY
RADIO

For Instance . . .



"We would like to have tarried [over Tokyo] and watched the later developments of fire and explosion, but even so we were fortunate to receive a fairly detailed report from the excited Japanese radio broadcasts. It took them several hours to calm down to deception and accusation." (Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle in news reports of Tokyo bombing)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman, the three stars in The Talk of the Town.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE TALK OF THE TOWN (for stars and staging)

THREE fine stars and a brilliant director can't go wrong. The combination clicks in this picture. Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman have parts that are tailor-made for their particular talents. They play them to the hilt. Meanwhile George Stevens has staged the show with the same cunning that made his Woman of the Year a standout entertainment.

The only thing that keeps it from getting top rating on this page is the story. It starts out with vim, vigor, and high purpose as it throws together a belligerent workman accused of arson and murder (Grant), a pretty New England schoolteacher (Miss Arthur), and the dean of a law school headed for the Supreme Court bench (Colman). It bogs down rather badly in one of those multiple endings which inspire you to depart several times before the final fadeout.

In any case there is enough solid dramatic substance and showmanship in The Talk of the Town to make it a picture you can't afford to miss. There is a knockout jail break, for example, in which an innocent man evades a trumped-up charge and takes refuge in the home of the heroine. She has rented the house to a distinguished lawyer who arrives ahead of schedule. He is not aware for some time that the alleged criminal is in the attic.

Grant finally comes out of hiding, masquerades as the gardener, and the two men become devoted companions. There are exciting melodramatic complications as the law professor gets to like the fellow, discovers his identity, tries to turn him in, and finally defends him successfully.

It isn't merely the straight action of The Talk of the Town which gives it a bang. You may stiffen in your seat when bloodhounds are following a fugitive, or a lynch mob decides to take the law into its own hands. But you are certain to be equally entertained when the law-school dean and the supposed murderer are discussing legal philosophy or the two of them are competing for the affection of the slightly daffy but right-thinking heroine.

It is hard to divide up honors for the performances involved in the show. Grant does a superb job as the embittered foreman of a broken-down plant who is convinced that a poor man never gets a break in a court of law. Miss Arthur is lovely and persuasive as the harassed heroine who follows her feminine instinct rather than the legal hocus-pocus by which a young man is framed. Colman plays the great jurist with all his reticent charm.

The supporting players are not far behind the principals. Edgar Buchanan is particularly good as the workman's attorney. Charles Dingle is properly villainous as the plant owner who tries to frame one of his own employees, while Leonid Kinskey, Glenda Farrell, Emma Dunn, and Tom Tyler are all fine in bits. With a tighter continuity, this would undoubtedly have been another Woman of the Year.

(Columbia.)

★ ★ ★ FOOTLIGHT SERENADE (for pugilistic musical)

TAKE the old screen musical formula, give it a new twist and colorful performances and the chances are that an entertaining show will emerge. The new twist in this case is having a heavyweight slugger become the star of a song-and-dance show. The color is supplied by Victor Mature as the prizefighter, Betty Grable as a chorus girl, John Payne as her one and only, and several expert comedians.

The show is built around the exhibitionistic antics of a boxing champion. He makes a play for the chorus girl and only stops being a wolf when he discovers that she has married the man of her choice before the show opens.

Mature is still far from being one of my favorite actors, but he plays Tommy Lundy with all the swaggering emphasis that was needed for the part. Miss Grable carries the brunt of the song-and-dance performing, with several catchy Robin and Rainger songs to accompany her hoofing and vocalizing. Meanwhile Payne is fine as the rather bewildered hero who is nonplused by backstage doings.

James Gleason is splendid as the producer who is faced with all sorts of professional and romantic hurdles in putting on his show. Cobina Wright, Jr., is properly aloof as the leading lady who walks out of the show, giving the chorus girl her big chance, and Phil Silvers is as funny as ever in a role that might have been made much bigger. Gregory Ratoff has staged the show smartly and expansively.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat.

★★★—Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal.

THE LOVES OF LANA TURNER

Continued from Page 22

spot was her February, 1940, elopement with Artie Shaw.

Lana first met Artie Shaw on the vast set of M-G-M's Dancing Coed. Six months before, Shaw, an institution, had publicly stated that all jitterbugs were out-and-out morons, which may have revealed a keen sense of character but showed poor tact with the trade. This, however, was sufficient to win him a film contract. During the making of the picture, Shaw felt M-G-M was sabotaging him, presenting him poorly before the camera, and as a result he fought hourly with his director, his colleagues, the crew. Observing all this, Lana felt strongly that some one ought to tell him off, and once, when he went into a canvas dressing room to chat with one of the bit girls, Lana edged into the adjoining dressing room and loudly told a girl friend what she thought of that "temperamental Shaw fellow." Of course he heard every word, but the youthful device, instead of angering him, only intrigued.

Lana wasn't through. She felt he still should be told off. So when a United Press correspondent approached her and asked her how it felt to be working in a good-sized musical, she replied lustily:

"It was a wonderful experience for me, all but that Artie Shaw! I never saw a man like him before! He was the most egotistical thing! He hogged the camera and he spent more time with the hairdresser and the make-up man than any actor on the lot!"

Needless to say, they eloped shortly thereafter.

THE four months and seventeen days of their spectacular marriage was referred to forever after by Lana as "my college education." The education consisted largely of disagreements. Lana liked dancing. Artie Shaw wouldn't take her dancing. She liked red, owning red clothes, red ink, and red roadster. He abhorred red. She enjoyed dipping potato pancakes in apple sauce. He howled at the practice.

He was, she claimed later, jealous of her time at the studio. One afternoon she phoned him from M-G-M. "Artie," she said, "I'll be a little late getting home. Got to stay after hours for some publicity shots."

Artie growled and then burst out, "Lana, I might as well tell you—Metro is using you!"

She was making $1,250 a week at the time!

The divorce was preceded by squabbles on the subject of their mutual love, music. Lana admitted, tactlessly perhaps, that she enjoyed above all others the melodies of Clyde McCoy! And on another occasion, when Guy Lombardo opened at the Cocoanut Grove, Lana insisted that she wanted to attend the opening. She liked Lombardo's music!

This to the ears of Artie Shaw, who logically favored the music of Artie Shaw, was horrible heresy and witchcraft. Things were never the same again.

Badly shaken by the whole affair, Lana was a bit on the St. Vitus side, but the studio suggested a vacation. Lana, whose biggest trip had been a visit to relatives in Missouri, chose Honolulu. Equipped with twenty-one pieces of luggage and a slender book of Hawaiian love poems, she was very lonely and miserable at first. But on the island she ran into Mrs. Jack Benny, and from then on had a good time.

BACK from her vacation and once more on the romantic beam, Lana "went steady" with a variety of Big Names. There was Tony Martin for one. The athletic type, Tony tried to teach her golf, but she became bored, giving away her clubs after two games, mainly because her legs ached. Then she turned to Vic Mature, and next to Bob Moon, a twenty-four-year-old CBS announcer from Nebraska. Soon she was dating Tommy Dorsey, sitting with him in the Palladium, where his all-star band attracted 6,300 cat lovers in a single evening. Next she switched to Dorsey's stick man, Buddy Rich, Houdini of the snare drum, who talked a mad cross between Brooklynese and jam jive and whose auto proudly bore a family crest resembling two drumsticks and a crash cymbal. Of all these dates, Buddy Rich was, according to reliable intelligence, the one she almost married. Only at the eleventh hour did that wedlock, a runaway to Las Vegas, fail to materialize. Finally astute observers, who know about such things, decided Lana was serious about camera-shy Howard Hughes, who, at nineteen, had inherited seventy-five million dollars.

Then came the climax. For the second time in slightly over two years Lana jolted Hollywood as it had not been jolted since Evangelist Aimée Semple McPherson last changed the color of her hair, thereby causing the circulation of one Los Angeles paper to jump 300 per cent. At seven o'clock of a July morning, Lana flew to Nevada to marry Steve Crane, the son of a Crawfordsville, Indiana, tobacco boss. The studio, which had ironically announced her next picture as Marriage Is a Private Affair, was unhappy about the elopement. The studio preferred a ceremony that might have carried more dignity. But impulsive Lana, the bride, was satisfied.

And so, too, the citizens of a great nation, whose coins at the box office had made Lana Turner a thing they might worship, seemed satisfied. Because at war, abroad and on the home front, the men of the great nation needed relaxation and stimulation. As one who gave it to them—with her acting, with her emotional antics—Lana Turner, Idaho beauty, had proved once more that, like Hollywood itself, she had become a vital industry!

THE END

Ride to Comfort with

COOL Shaves

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Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

GIVE your weary chin a permanent vacation from shaves that smart and sting! Ride with cool Ingram's—the quick-lathering cream that lets your blade coast through your beard without a drag or a detour.

Ingram's gives you a "priority" on COOLNESS — helps condition your skin for shaving as it wilts your whiskers. Your face has a cool, refreshed feeling that lingers for hours—looks smoother, younger-looking. Get Ingram's today—in jar or tube.

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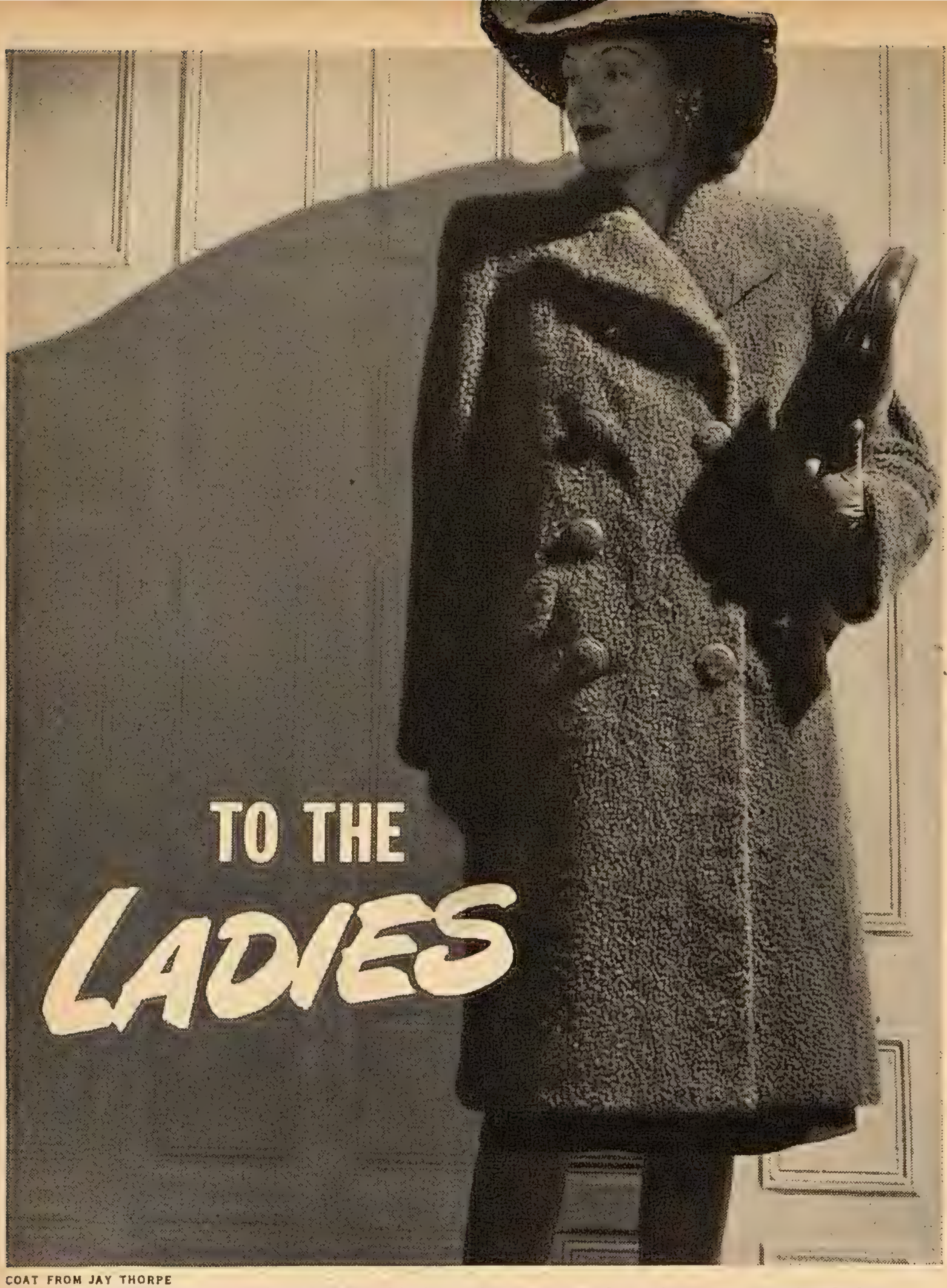
TO THE LADIES



COAT FROM JAY THORPE

Trim, flattering, the Service Blue fur coat goes well with uniform or civilian clothes.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

NEARLY one hundred and fifty years ago an American woman toured this country giving lectures in military uniform, and she delighted audiences by going through the manual of arms on public platforms. She was a veteran of our Revolutionary War. Long before death battalions of female volunteers ever were heard of, she had fought pitched battles disguised as a man. Robert Shurtleff was the name under which she enlisted. A Massachusetts girl. Her real name was Deborah Sampson. They discovered her sex when she caught a fever and had to go to a hospital, discharged her from the army. Before that, she dug a bullet out of her own flesh to dodge detection. Esther Forbes, writer of the splendid new biography of Paul Revere, hasn't told all she knows about Deborah.

At a time like this, when so many women are seeking military careers, I think Deborah's story is worth remembering. She was awarded a pension. Miss Forbes had tea with me the other day and showed me an obscure copy of an expense account Deborah compiled while lecturing as America's only female war veteran. The account reads like this: "For having my hair fixed 2 evenings, $1. . . . For candles and cleaning candlesticks in lecture hall, 20 cents. . . . For brushing the seats, 17 cents. . . . For sweeping the house, 48 cents. . . . For the attendance of Mr. Giles, $2.67." . . . The last item is a mystery. Who was Mr. Giles, and what did he do for Deborah that was worth $2.67? Esther Forbes is afraid we'll never find out.

FOR crime fans here's a new book edited by Richard Dempewolff, Famous Old New England Murders. (Published by the Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont. $2.50.)

"TOO ladylike," complained a big department-store executive, inspecting a window display of fashion dummies in semi-military suits. The dummies were replicas of smart young women gracefully posed. "I know what's wrong," said the window dresser with a flash of insight. "They've got their feet too close together. For suits like these we need good-looking dummies with their legs apart!" . . . He was right, and it's a tip to tailored girls. Out goes the mincing walk, the demure pointing of toes. A masculine stance, or straddle, is more appropriate when you're in mannish attire.

STRETCH your mayonnaise salad dressings with other ingredients to help save oil. Modified mayonnaise dressings like these are delicious and new: . . . For lobster salad, crab meat, or any fish salad, mix ½ cup mayonnaise with ½ cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon chili sauce, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon minced onion. . . . For green salads add the following to ½ cup mayonnaise: 1 small package cream cheese beaten smooth with ½ cup cream, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley, 1 teaspoon mustard. . . . For fruit salads, mix ½ cup mayonnaise with ½ cup whipped cream, 2 tablespoons each of chopped maraschino cherries and nuts, 1 tablespoon orange juice.

LAST year, at a Labor Day outing, a girl I know met a young man who has since joined the army. They feel genuinely sentimental about each other, and he has obtained leave to spend Labor Day at home this year, so they can be together as a sort of anniversary celebration of their first meeting. "Please wear that blue dress you had on when we met," he wrote her recently. "It wasn't a blue dress at all," she replied. "It was light green." Back came his answer, "Don't tell me it wasn't blue. I remember it so well I often see it in my dreams." . . . Luckily the light green dress is still in her wardrobe. She has had it dyed blue to wear for him when he comes home.

A BRITISH labor organ has reported protests from scientific workers engaged in research on women's dress materials, cosmetics, etc. The scientists think they should be employed on war jobs and *nothing* else. We have the same problem here, but as I understand it, our national viewpoint favors keeping the style and beauty trades as normal as possible—subordinate of course to all war efforts—our aim being to maintain morale and preserve high standards that will help insure postwar prosperity.

ALREADY we have one attractive wartime innovation in the *Service Blue* fur coat just launched by Jay Thorpe. A bluish gray, almost horizon blue in color, this fur comes from English lambs of the Lincolnshire breed now being raised in South America. The fur is tough enough to take hard service wear. I predict that coats of it, cut military style, will be the rage this winter both for uniform and civilian wear. Coats will cost around $150.

HENRY FORD TALKS ABOUT WAR AND YOUR FUTURE

Continued from Page 15

You've got to put it to work. There'll be plenty of work for it to do."

He looks upon our enormous wartime increase in industrial capacity as an asset, not a liability, especially if governments will refrain from erecting barriers to the free flow of goods.

When reminded that war plants would have to be converted back to the ways of peace, he said, "That will have to be worked out." Then, noting that new industries have always been necessary to prosperity, he emphasized the future importance of aviation. "The generation before mine," he said, "gave us the railroads. My generation produced the automobile. Everybody will be flying after the war. There's always been a place in the world for any new way to improve transportation and communication."

When told about a transcontinental trucker who expects big planes to carry one's household goods from coast to coast overnight, he said, "That's right!"

"TAKE homes," he went on. "How many people have really decent homes? If we built new homes at the peak rate for six or seven years, it would still be way behind in the kind of homes that most people nowadays want. Mrs. Ford and I have enjoyed seeing what we could do to fix up the old farmhouse. But most people will want a new kind of home with the last word of economy in construction, care, heating, air conditioning, comforts and conveniences. Why not? . . . The only way to put such homes within the reach of millions of families is to use new kinds of material and make them, at least in large part, in factories working all the year around. This will mean a big new industry, a lot of work and jobs all over the country.

"It only takes a couple of new industries like aviation and housing to make a big difference. There'll be others."

Science and invention, he said, will help to provide new industries, products, and services. War always stimulates invention as well as scientific effort. We have the most generous patent system in the world. Our government has issued more than 2,000,000 patents, mostly to "lone" inventors. The most productive years in an inventor's life are those under thirty. The young inventors in this country have a better chance to come through than the young men in most other countries, especially those countries that have been preparing for war and fighting longer. At the beginning of the last war we had scarcely 200 industrial research laboratories. Now we have more than 2,000.

Mr. Ford is enormously impressed by the achievements of our laboratories. Twelve years ago he became interested in a young man, the son of one of his employees, who had gone to school in Greenfield Village, then with his father had been transferred to Wayside Inn, near Concord, Massachusetts, a Ford property. In Greenfield Village Mr. Ford built a laboratory, resembling an old flour mill, for this young man, Robert Boyer, and told him to go ahead and see what he could find out about using farm crops in industry.

One evening, a year later, he stopped in. They discussed the findings. Learning that the best prospects lay with soybeans, he told his research director to go ahead and concentrate on those. Since then the humble soybean has swiftly increased in both agricultural and industrial importance. In addition to twenty-odd plastic and other industrial uses for it, within the last year Mr. Boyer and his technical associates have found a way to produce from it a new material resembling wool but better for some purposes—felt, for hats, is one. This achievement especially pleases Mr. Ford. "Heretofore," he explained, "wool has always had to come from animals. Now we can make it in a factory. We're turning to wheat, and we've already found twenty different substances in it, a surplus crop, that we can use in our plants. There is no limit to the uses of crops and also farm wastes in industry."

He did not discuss many of the post-war pros and cons that hundreds of Washington weather prophets are studying. Arriving at his conclusions in his own way, he reveals greater confidence than many of them.

AFTER two hours he pulled on his shoes, got up, and with his surprising quickness led me out through a corridor to about an acre of a floor as clean and polished as any ballroom's, though many men were working at machines on it. "The first thing we always do," he explained, "is to clean up, to see what's to be done." He explained what was being done here, and the advantages of the machines being used. Next he led me to a jewelry shop serving the museum. Here he chatted with one of the jewelers and, with his old love of watches, deftly opened a tiny watch encased in a twenty-dollar gold piece which the jeweler could not open. Now, leading me back, he said, "You'd better come in and use my office. I'll send in a stenographer, typewriter, paper, anything you want."

In this office he never uses, he smiled as I glanced about at the carved mantel, rich hangings, huge Oriental rug, and costly furniture. "I never liked it, either," he said, laughing. "I feel more at home in a barn."

"May I take off my coat?" I asked. He answered by peeling off his. "Make yourself at home. Do anything you like," he said, tinkering with the Swiss music box in its handsome case, and observing, "It needs a little oil."

He got it going. His feet moved a few steps in rhythm with a waltz. He turned it off. At the door he said, "Just push the little lever and start it up when you want me to come back to go over what I said."

THE END

IF YOUR GUMS EVER BLEED

take care—it may be

GINGIVITIS!

TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it

Often Leads to Pyorrhea

Never neglect even the *slightest* sign of tender, bleeding gums. This may be the start of Gingivitis, one of the enemies of healthy, good looking teeth and firm gums. Although a mild gum inflammation—if not combated, Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth and shrinking gums, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months—then at home massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

No Better Toothpaste For Massaging Gums!

Forhan's—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan —is unexcelled for both massaging gums to be firmer, more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural bright sparkling beauty. Forhan's even helps remove that acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years. Start using Forhan's *today*. Note the difference! At all drug, dept. and 10c stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

THIS MAN'S WAR

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS PHOTO

R. A. F. pupils in training in the U. S.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

JUST a line from one of your readers way down under in Australia. It sure is swell to be able to get Liberty here, even if the issues are a few weeks or months behind. This is one grand country and much more like the old U. S. A. than you'd expect. The Australians treat us fine, too. We have a pretty good set-up and can't complain, with our own canteens and all American products except beer and soda water, an adequate supply of cigarettes and tobacco, and at reasonable prices, too. We're eating good old Army grub and plenty of it. The boys are doing a good job of building and keeping the good will of the Australians, who go more than halfway to foster friendship.

M/Sgt. H. D. T., Australia.

A nice letter, Sergeant, and thanks for it. Keep up the good work—we're all with you.

* * *

We are back from overseas service, have been in actual combat with and under fire from the enemy, and are now convalescing so as to go back and get another crack at those ———s. Are we allowed to wear overseas stripes and are they the same as in the last war? Lots of us here would like to know.

Sgt. W. J. A., Letterman General Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.

The "gold" chevron, one for each six months' service on foreign soil, is still prescribed for wear on the left sleeve of the blouse only. You might also like to know that wound chevrons, also of "gold," are worn on the right arm, as authorized for holders of the Purple Heart, thus designating men wounded in action and hospitalized as a result. And God bless you, sergeant, and all your comrades there.

* * *

I have been in the service for four years and I am still a private. Not that I care a hoot for stripes—I don't. But now I want to get married and stay in the service after this is all over. The girl I want to marry likes the service and says she'll stick with me for better or worse. I want to provide a home for her and give her some of the things in life she's entitled to. Right now I'm in no position to do that. Still, she's willing to marry me right away, and God knows I want her to; but I can't help feeling that if we start out and then things go wrong we'd end up in court. I don't want that to happen. So I am asking your advice, and it will be the deciding factor. I'm stationed here as cadre and will not go across until I'm absolutely needed, as I am an instructor of officer candidates and am more useful here than overseas.

Pvt. G. L. R.,
Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming.

Glad to help, soldier, but I refuse to make your decision for you—that's a job no man should expect another to do for him. Now that you have the incentive, why not try for the O. C. S. yourself? Just the attempt will show your lady that her confidence is not misplaced, and if you come out with bars they'll prove that you're the stuff of which regulars are made. If you can't get an appointment, then concentrate on a promotion. Surely there are vacancies for which you can qualify with your experience. That will mean more money, and as soon as you're married Uncle Sam will chip in and your wife can have more of the kind of life you want her to have. Yes, I said wife—I take a chance when the stakes are high enough, but *you* may not want to. Good luck, anyway.

In a recent issue you stated that the policy with regard to the granting of immediate furloughs to inducted men has been changed. We have a man here who needs time to settle his affairs and will sustain a considerable loss without it, but we are unable to find any definite authority to cover his case. Will you kindly give the source of your statement for present and future reference?

1st Sgt. E. J. S.,
Camp Haan, Calif.

Letter, War Department, Adjutant General No. 324.71, dated May 15, 1942, authorized inducted registrants, *who so desire*, to be given the opportunity, immediately after induction, to return to their residences to arrange personal and business affairs. This to be accomplished by release from active service, transfer to the Enlisted Reserve Corps, and subsequent recall to active service. The letter made the effective date June 15, 1942, and authorized fourteen days' furlough.

* * *

Recently my husband and I spent a week-end in New York. The streets seemed full of men in uniform, and yet we didn't see one under the influence of liquor or boisterous or rowdy. Most of the boys were with girls and they were all having a swell time at ball games, shows, and dances. The mothers of those boys would be glad to know that their girls weren't cheap or loud, just regular American girls, and all having fun in the decent good American way. Let me sign myself:

A Proud Citizen, Waterbury, Conn.

That's a tribute I'm glad to print. Even if you had happened to see a couple of men out of order and throwing their weight around —well, we're all human, in uniform or out.

* * *

I read in the paper that a new commando outfit is being formed at Fort Benning, Georgia, and they are looking for volunteers. Will you give me all the dope you have on it?

S/Sgt. J. E. B., 806 Engr.

The term commando has never been approved for American troops, although our task forces function similarly. I think you refer to the parachute troops, for which volunteers have been asked from other branches of the Army. Men less than thirty-two years of age may apply for transfer *if* they can meet the extremely rigid physical requirements.

* * *

Suggestion for a recruiting slogan: "Join the Army and get three lumps of sugar in your coffee."—*Army Times.*

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

JUNGLE GOLD

Continued from Page 11

would have been no embarrassment. You understand that."

"I'm sure of it."

"It is all most unfortunate. I—regret it. When I see the senhorita, I will offer my apologies."

John felt a bit puzzled by this complete change in Colon. Yet he was glad enough to welcome it.

"Probably the best thing we can do," he said, "is forget the thing happened."

"You are generous, senhor."

"Not at all. I came here to make peace."

With a genuine smile of relief Alfredo Colon extended a hand. "To peace, senhor. I am happy to make it."

"And to a friendly trip."

Their handclasp was warm. Colon eagerly suggested, "Will you stay? I will order a bottle of wine—"

"Sorry. Senhorita Latham is waiting downstairs."

"Ah. Naturally. . . . Well, there will be other occasions. When are you planning to leave for the *fazenda?*"

"At eight in the morning, from the dock at the first rubber-washing plant."

Colon nodded. "Very well, senhor. I will be there."

But when John Bartell went down the stairs, he had a curious sense of dissatisfaction. And he was still puzzled. On the dock Alfredo Colon hadn't impressed him as one who could so easily forget a punch in the mouth. . . .

At quarter of eight the next morning, with a day of sight-seeing behind them, John brought Vicky Latham back to the harbor. He had put on brown working clothes for the trip up the Amazon; Vicky wore slacks and a loose yellow blouse. The morning haze on the water held her eyes for a while. But suddenly she stopped and said, "What's all that?"

They were near the Fish Dock—the Embarque de Peixe. Scores of Indian dugouts floated around the wharf.

"That happens every morning," John explained. "The Indians come in with loads of turtles, jungle fruit, and mudfish for the city markets."

"They put on quite a show, don't they?"

He didn't hear Vicky, because the sight had brought a sting of memory. Almost a year ago he and Sue Ackerson had stood together on the Fish Dock. Hugo had been called to Belém, and for five days—days that had seemed unearthly—he and Sue had been alone.

But Sue hadn't admired those *montarias* floating around the wharf. She had sighed, "John, I'd give it all—and all Manaos, too—for just one glimpse of Times Square."

He had laughed. It had seemed amusing then. "Why can't you get Hugo to take you home—on a vacation?"

"He won't listen. He's sunk deeper in this country than his rubber trees."

"Nonsense. One of these days you'll go—"

"Only if I go alone, John." Then, her mood changing, she had given him a mischievous glance. "What's become of chivalry? Why don't *you* offer to take me?"

"Glad to." A year ago he had been able to joke about such things. "I'll speak to Hugo when he gets back. 'Hugo, old chap,' I'll say, 'I'm taking your wife to New York. You don't mind, do you?' He'll be crazy about the idea."

It had all been meaningless, even fun, as long as they could be gay about it. But in this past year they had come a long way from gaiety. They had, in fact, come to a crisis.

He frowned as he walked on with Vicky Latham. He kept his eyes on the ground.

20 QUESTIONS

1. The U. S. won the Battle of Midway, losing only one destroyer. How many ships did the Japanese lose?
2. Brigham Young was not the founder of the Mormon Church. Who was?
3. Two South American countries have no sea coast. Can you name one?
4. A string quartet is generally composed of three kinds of instruments. What are they?
5. Gary Cooper is now starring in The Pride of the Yankees, based on the life of Lou Gehrig. While he was with the Yankees, what position did Gehrig play?
6. Radium is used in war production and for medical purposes. Do you know the name of the source material from which it is derived?
7. Name the assignments of Nimitz and Leahy?
8. Battleships are named for states in the Union. What are cruisers named for?
9. The Chinese Army is planning to add six million more men to its ranks, which will make it the largest army in the world. It will then be composed of how many men?
10. Who is known as the "Father" of the American Navy?
11. Whirlaway has now broken the record for money earned by racing. He has won his owner $454,336. What horse was the top money winner until Whirlaway broke his record?
12. Can you name the place that has suffered more bombing raids than any other?
13. Most of the articles you use every day are patented. Is the life of a patent six years, ten years, seventeen years, or twenty years?
14. Ivy Low Litvinov, the wife of the Soviet Ambassador to the U. S., was not born in Russia. Where was she born and raised?
15. Who is the president of the American Red Cross?
16. Walt Whitman wrote Leaves of Grass and has been called America's most democratic poet. What is the famous poem he wrote after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln?
17. We have recently severed relations with Finland. Do you know whether Finland belonged to Great Britain, Russia, or Norway before World War I?
18. Is television an American invention?
19. We are fighting for four freedoms as set forth by President Roosevelt. Two of the freedoms are freedom of speech and freedom of religion. What are the other two?
20. Domenico Theotocopuli is the real name of what famous seventeenth-century painter who achieved recognition and fame in Spain?

(*Answers will be found on page 41*)

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Before he had left the plantation he had known he must decide what to do about Sue. That was why he had welcomed this escape to Manaos—to be away from her, to give his mind a chance to find calmness and logic. These days, when she came into his arms, he had no clear thoughts. He had to fight against the torment of desire. One way or another, he had felt, he had to settle this. He couldn't go through any more of those moments when she clung to him in desperation, begging him to take her away. . . . Well, it was settled now.

They came to the dock at which their thirty-foot launch was moored. A small wrinkled *caboclo,* with brown skin, welcomed them, grinning. He wore a new pink shirt and shapeless trousers.

"This is Miguel Azora," John said to Vicky Latham. "He's the plantation's boatman—one of the best on the river. Brought him along as pilot."

Miguel took off his hat and bowed.

"Any sign of Senhor Colon?" John asked.

"Not yet, senhor."

"Well, we're early. . . . How about the equipment? The baggage?"

"All packed away," said Miguel Azora.

John nodded. While Vicky jumped aboard the launch, he sat on the gunwale and lit a pipe.

He wished he could forget this longing for Sue. Yesterday, showing Vicky Manaos had been a constant reminder of her sister—a repetition of those days he had spent here with Sue a year ago. He and Vicky had gone to the Teatro Amazonas, magnificent on the high balustraded terrace from which the opera house dominated the city; to the Aviaquario with its orchids and alligators, its turtles and fish and birds; to the Praça de São Sabastião, where Vicky had walked as on holy ground over the mosaics in the pavement. During the afternoon rains they had rushed for shelter into the gloom of the great church, Nossa Senhora de Conceição. And every minute he had remembered how he had done all this with Sue. . . .

He turned his head toward Vicky. She stood in the prow of the launch, looking off into a haze so heavy that it concealed the Rio Negro beyond the harbor.

She had taken off her helmet, and he liked the way her chestnut hair was combed up from the ears. Her face was small, firm, decisive. Her eyes were of a dark hazel color, almost brown. They were clear, and she never used them to create that atmosphere of languor, of dreamlike unreality that Sue could evoke with a faraway gaze. . . .

He caught himself making the comparisons, and they annoyed him. He shut them out of his mind as he re-lit the pipe.

"I still think," Vicky said, returning to him, "that this city isn't quite real."

"It's as real as any ghost can be," he assured her. From where they were they could vaguely see through the haze the dome of the fabulous *teatro* Manaos had built for itself in the golden era of rubber, pouring millions into its construction. "They'll tell you up there," he said, "of days when whole opera companies came across the sea from Italy to travel up the Amazon and perform for the rubber aristocracy of Manaos; days when Scotti came, and Pavlova; days when Manaos was more prodigal than Paris with jewels and champagne and entertainment. . . . And all of it died when the islands of the Pacific took away a few seeds of Para rubber and the wealth that went with them."

"So it's a doomed city—"

"Oh, no. It's a city that's going to come back to life."

She lowered puzzled eyes to his lean face. He went on smoking. "There's as much rubber on the Amazon as there ever was," he said between puffs. "But we've let the business go to ruin. Now, with the islands of the East in Jap hands, with America desperate for rubber, we're being *forced* to turn again to the Amazon. It's a war necessity. That's the way Hugo and I see it—we're fighting down here on the rubber front. If we develop it, Manaos will come to life again."

Miguel Azora called, "Is this the Senhor Colon?"

They looked up the ramp. Alfredo Colon, in khaki-colored clothes and a pith helmet, was coming toward them like a man starting out on an African safari; two porters followed with his baggage.

John rose and knocked out his pipe. "All right," he said to Vicky. "Say good-by to civilization."

There was no sense in letting her know he still felt uneasy about Alfredo Colon.

In the Brazilian's cheerful greetings there was no hint of resentment because of yesterday's unhappy encounter. "My deepest apologies, senhorita," he said.

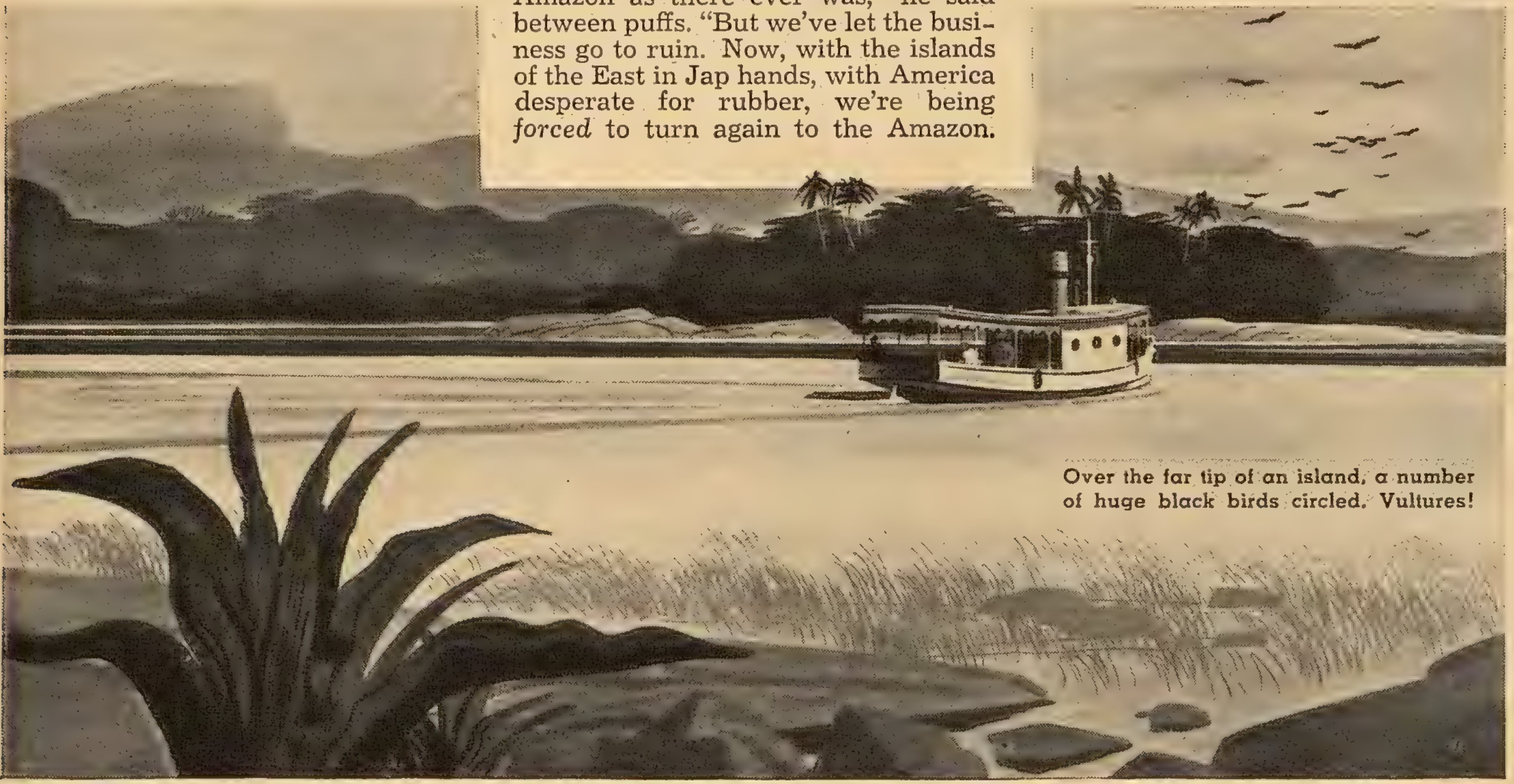
Vicky answered, "It's forgotten."

So they sailed out of the harbor like old friends.

Miguel sat forward at the wheel under a four-posted canopy of leaves he had built to give himself shade. Aft of a small cabin now crowded with baggage a faded canvas awning sheltered Vicky, Alfredo Colon, and John Bartell.

The haze lifted, but the heat became heavier with every passing hour. It was almost noon before they reached the confluence of the Negro and the Amazon, where Miguel turned west against the current of the mightier river. To avoid the full power of its flow, he followed channels between the land and offshore islands. These were narrow and often thick with river grass. Yet he knew the clear lanes, and the launch chugged along as placidly as a duck, almost within reach of the jungle wall.

The heat seemed to steam out of the water as fiercely as it beat down from



Over the far tip of an island, a number of huge black birds circled. Vultures!

the white-hot skies. Vicky's face was wet, yet her fascination with the jungle seemed to make her forget discomfort. Jabiru storks and white herons on the banks, scarlet parakeets perched on the lianas that joined trees, a few monkeys chattering in overhead branches—these awed her.

"It's beautiful!" she whispered.

Colon said, "You have generous eyes, senhorita, to see beauty in a land of malaria and fever and dysentery and death."

She considered this, then gave John Bartell a thoughtful look. "I've been wondering what makes men like you and Hugo give years—sometimes all your lives—to this country."

"I guess every one has his own answer," John said. "In my own case—well, once I had a good desk job with the Toledo Rubber Company back home; plenty of time for tennis and golf; son of a company vice-president and all that. One day we got word that Hugo Ackerson needed somebody to represent the company down here while he went back to the States. I jumped at the chance—mainly for the hell of it. Also, I wanted to see something of the raw product that was paying my salary."

Vicky watched him with intent curiosity. He seemed to be talking to the green depths of the jungle.

"It turned out to be more than an adventure. I began to see this as a country that's offering wealth—incalculable wealth—that we've been too lazy to cultivate. Look at that wilderness. Thousands and thousands of miles of it. Full of rubber. We have to find a way of taking it out. Trying to do that seemed a lot more important than going back to a desk in Toledo. So I stayed."

"HAVEN'T you ever wanted to go back?"

"Oh, yes. After Pearl Harbor, I wanted to rush right home and enlist." He bent forward to tap his pipe on the gunwale. "But Hugo, though he's too old for the army himself, argued that men like us, men who know something about getting rubber, can be a lot more valuable to the States down here than anywhere else. I decided he was right."

"In the letter I had from Senhor Ackerson," Colon said after a pause, "he wrote you plan soon to seek rubber deep in the jungle."

John nodded. "I'm hoping to find virgin rubber up the tributaries of the Juruá."

"That is dangerous country, senhor. Especially after you pass Nhambiquara country and go into the land of the Parecis."

"Perhaps. But several explorers have told of seeing great rubber forests up there. One man who stayed at our *fazenda,* sick with malaria, called them 'the fields of plenty.' "

"He had maps?"

"No. His maps were lost when Indians raided his camp."

A dragonfly settled to rest on the gunwale. Alfredo Colon watched it a while. Then he shook his head. "It is easier to cultivate a rubber *fazenda,* senhor, than to find such forests."

"To cultivate rubber takes from five to eight years. My country's need is immediate."

"Let us suppose you find such great rubber forests. Of what use will they be? We could not get the rubber out."

JOHN said, "You underestimate your people and mine, Senhor Colon. You take a nation that can build a city like Manaos out of the jungle. You take another that can cut a canal across all of Panama. Is it too much to think that these two, working together, can hack a rubber path across the wilderness?" He saw a cynical smile start to flicker in Alfredo Colon's eyes. To answer it, he began, "I'll grant it will be a tremendous job. It will require thousands of men. But if we can make the Amazon the principal source of rubber for us, we'll be doing a service to both countries."

"You are a great optimist, senhor."

"Not half as optimistic as Hugo Ackerson. Hugo is an inspiration to all the rest of us. His faith in this country, his strength, his deter—"

He was interrupted by a cry from Miguel Azora. The boatman's shrill voice called from the foredeck, *"Olha, senhor, olha! Abutres!"*

John quickly turned. He leaned out from under the awning to look ahead. A few hundred yards away, over the far tip of an island, a number of huge black birds circled. Vicky saw them too. When she asked what they were, he answered:

"Vultures."

She started. "Some one—something *dead* over there?"

"Not dead. Dying. If it were dead, they'd be down, tearing it to pieces." He called, "Steer over there, Miguel!"

What will they find beneath the hovering vultures? A grim discovery awaits them and trouble of another sort greets John at the fazenda. Don't miss the second chapter of this thrilling novel.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

1. Ten.
2. Joseph Smith.
3. Bolivia and Paraguay.
4. Two violins, cello, and viola.
5. First base.
6. Pitchblende, carnotite, and other uranium minerals.
7. Admiral Leahy is Chief of Staff to Commander in Chief President Roosevelt. Admiral Nimitz is Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet.
8. Cities.
9. Twenty-six million men.
10. John Paul Jones.
11. Seabiscuit.
12. The Island of Malta.
13. Seventeen years.
14. In England.
15. The President of the United States (by custom).
16. O Captain! My Captain!
17. Russia.
18. No. Television was invented by J. L. Baird, a Scotchman.
19. They are freedom from want and freedom from fear.
20. El Greco.

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STARR OF STARS

At 35, he's a rookie! Fame took its time . . Now he's a major-league sensation

BY SAM BALTER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

RAYMOND STARR, thirty-five-year-old pitcher of the Cincinnati Reds, rookie in the major leagues after sixteen years spent in the bushes, is the baseball phenomenon of 1942. Father of two children, possessor of a 3-A draft classification, he has been called the typical rookie of wartime baseball, but actually no rookie was ever more untypical.

It was in 1926 that square-shouldered Ray Starr made his debut in organized baseball at Danville in the Three-Eye League. From there on the list of clubs he has played with would leave a train announcer groggy: Danville, Marshalltown, Topeka, Shawnee, Danville, Rochester, St. Louis, Rochester, New York, Boston, Minneapolis, Toronto, Syracuse, Nashville, Fort Worth, Dallas, Indianapolis, and now Cincinnati. That's an itinerary for you! And it makes you wonder how such an able pitcher was permitted to languish in the bulrushes so many years. Starr says he'd like to know, too.

The day he had won his tenth victory for the Reds this season, Gabe Paul, traveling secretary for the Reds, and Warren Giles, general manager, were reminiscing over an incident the year before. The Reds were out of the race in September and the Dodgers and Cards were staging their hectic dogfight for the flag. Starr had just been called up from Indianapolis for a late-season whirl. The Reds, in St. Louis, were five runs behind when they staged a five-run rally to tie things up, and Bill McKechnie needed a relief twirler. He picked Starr, and the rampant Cardinals clouted Ray for five runs to win the ball game.

The runs were all unearned and the side should have been retired without a run, but details like that are not too visible in a mere box score, and the next day Gabe Paul was amused by a terrific blast in Chicago papers under the authorship of Leo Durocher. The Lip, it seems, was irate over his impression that the Reds were trying to give the pennant to St. Louis. "Imagine using a guy like Starr," he stormed, "when every game counts! Who is this guy Starr?"

Iron rookie Ray Starr on the mound.

Giles laughed. "Yeah, and the same day Leo pitches a kid just up from Durham, and the kid gets his ears pinned back. Who is this guy Durocher, second-guessing McKechnie at a distance of 300 miles?"

Paul's sides shook. "And remember Starr's next start?"

"Yeah—at Brooklyn." Giles was convulsed.

"Yeah—at Brooklyn!" Paul roared. "At Brooklyn!" And now the two were laying themselves in the aisle, so we tiptoed out to inquire what had happened at Brooklyn. We take you now to Flatbush.

The score was tied in the last of the tenth, and Brooklyn had the bases loaded, none out, and Dolf Camilli at bat. Bill McKechnie called upon Starr to take the mound. As Durocher watched, goggle-eyed, old Ray struck out Camilli and then forced Lew Riggs to beat the ball into the dirt for an easy double play, retiring the side without a run. The Reds won the game in the next frame.

After that performance Bill gave Starr an opportunity to start a game against the Philadelphia Phils. The result was a shutout victory. A short time later he got another starting chance. This resulted in a two-hit shutout win over the Cubs. The season closed with Starr pitching twenty consecutive scoreless innings.

After sixteen years of up-and-down performance in the minors, he's broken into a regular starting turn in what is generally conceded to be the finest mound corps in the major leagues. He has done more than that. He is the Number One man of the staff, and he himself is not surprised. "What's all the shootin' for?" he asks. "I've won ball games before in this league. Pitched shutouts, too. You can't ask for better'n that. What's all this stuff about my butterfly ball? What is a butterfly ball? Who says I added a knuckler that made me a major-leaguer? Why, I've always had a knuckler. I've always had everything I've got today, except I used to be a little faster. Why do they have to make excuses for a guy who wins a few ball games up here? Why don't they make some excuses for the manager who brings him up, sits him on the bench for a few weeks, and then sends him back?"

THAT may explain Starr's special success against the St. Louis Cards this season. In 1931 he was with Houston in the Cardinal chain. He languished on the bench, and requested that he be sent somewhere where he could work for his money. Although he had won some twenty games the year before, Branch Rickey informed him he would send him to a Class D league. Ray gave Rickey a piece of his mind—and wound up with the double-A Rochester team in the International League, instead. It was on June 11 that he was sent to Rochester, and from that late date to the end of the season he won twenty games for that team, so the next season found him at St. Louis for his first trial in the major leagues. It had taken him seven years to get up there, but after two seasons with the Cards, Giants, and Braves, on the benches, he was back in the minors, to spend nine more years there before getting his second and current chance with the Cincinnati Reds.

Born at Nowata, Oklahoma, his ideas about baseball were revolutionary from the start. He had given up a tough tool-dressing job at Centralia, Illinois, to go into baseball, and he believed a man should work for a living. He kept bothering the managers to give him more work.

In 1940 his team, Danville, was in a fight with Evansville for the pennant. Ray pitched the first game of the play-off series at Evansville and won it, 4-1. After the all-night bus ride back to Danville he stretched his cramped muscles and informed the manager that he'd like to go out there "on that thar hill" again. He did, and won that ball game too. Today, when other veteran pitchers talk of cutting down their working operations from once in four days to once in seven, the venerable rookie Starr says he'd like to pitch both ends of a double-header for the Reds. He says he's pitched twenty-one double headers during his career. The actual number is reputed to be more than forty, but Ray counts only those he wins.

One thing you must by now have gathered: He believes in himself. He knows he's good. "Call me Iron Man," he says, "because that's what I am. I want to be a minor-league manager, so I can fire all the pitchers except me and pitch all the games myself!"

At Indianapolis last year the club advertised in the daily papers: "Today's Pitchers: First game, Ray Starr; second game, ?" "Of course," says Ray, "that question mark was me." Early this season he engaged in one of his specialties, a Sunday shutout over the Cardinals. Before Monday night's game I was astounded to see him go through a warm-up stint that lasted fully twenty minutes. Little Lonnie Frey was catching him. Ray was working on his knuckle ball, and Frey was being plunked on the arms and chest so frequently that Bill McKechnie had to order him to turn over the big mitt to some one else. Rollie Hemsley took over and had almost as much trouble. When Starr had finished, he walked out to the mound and then threw to the batters in batting practice. The day before, he had pitched a hard nine-inning game!

HE came to the Reds with a reputation as a mild sort of troublemaker. As he himself puts it, seriously, "They never appreciated me in lots of places." But at Cincinnati Bill McKechnie has nothing but praise for Starr's conduct. Bill says he made only two requests upon joining the club: "Give me all the work you possibly can, and put me in a room with a guy who goes to bed early."

He wears sports clothes to such an extent that some of the boys call him the sweater man. "Sweat man, you mean," he says, reminding them of his hard-won Iron-Man-McGinnity-like reputation.

When working, he is grim and serious and utterly oblivious of anything but the job at hand. "Are you as cool as you look out there?" I asked him.

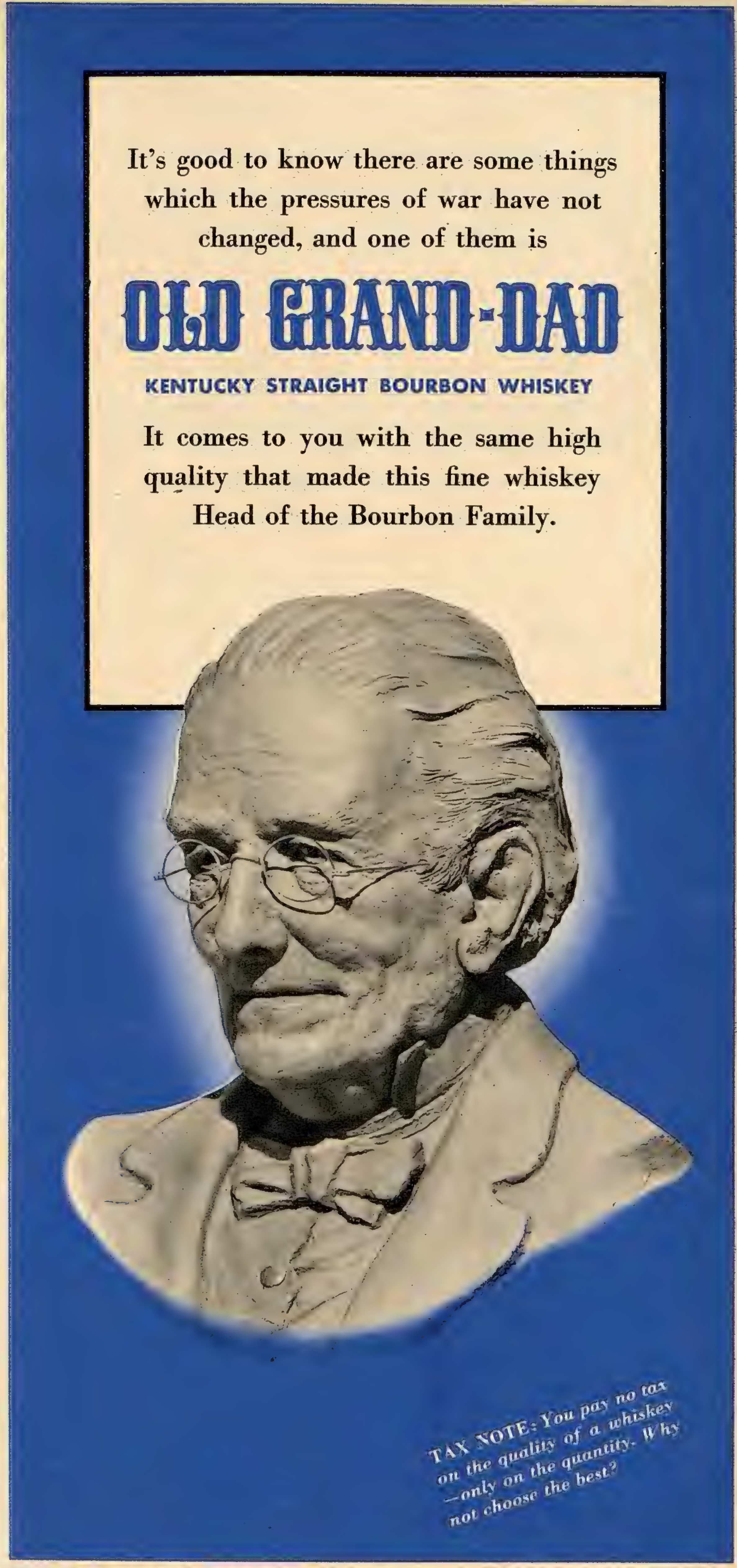
"Yes," he said. "There's nothing to worry about. Only two things can happen. You either win or you lose. I do my best to win, but losing's no tragedy. I've lost enough to know."

At the halfway mark this season he had won eleven games, top victory record in the National League, indicative of the goal of all pitchers, a twenty-win season. I asked him if he thought he'd win twenty games.

"Haven't the slightest idea," he said. "And what difference does it make? I want to win as many as I can, nineteen or thirty-five!"

He may wind up the rookie of the year, all right. To himself, he has always been the Starr of stars, and now his claims to that distinction seem to be coming to the attention of a few more patrons of the palpitating game.

THE END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NIGHT AT THE NARROWS

A sinister plot, a young man in a trap, a girl to the rescue. The thrill-a-minute conclusion of a stirring two-part story

BY ARTHUR GORDON

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ALOYSIUS MURPHY, the policeman who patrolled the district of The Narrows, was not—as Mrs. MacGregor had unkindly alleged—actually decrepit. He was old, it was true, and quite small. But he was still as combative as a bantam rooster, and the wicked edge of his tongue was notorious in the department. Four years ago his superiors, unable to retire him and a little bored with his caustic comments on all subjects, had stationed him in The Narrows as a kind of penance, since nothing ever happened there anyway. Every year they gave him a new patrol car, and in the last one they had included a two-way radio—which was a mistake, because Murphy could now heckle headquarters whenever he chose.

At nine fifteen on this particular evening Mr. Murphy was highly gratified to observe some one breaking the law. The offender was an enormous young man in an ancient convertible that came hurtling round the corner in defiance of all laws of traffic and gravity and actually progressed another half mile before Mr. Murphy caught up with it.

"And what," asked Mr. Murphy, deceptively gentle, "is the big hurry?"

The young man seemed to be in no mood for appeasement. His big hands gripped the wheel in a fever of impatience.

"It's my fiancée," he snarled at Mr. Murphy. "There's something wrong—"

"Sure, now," said Mr. Murphy, producing his little book, "and that doesn't surprise me at all. If she's consented to marry you there must be something wrong with her."

"Damn it!" roared the giant. "She just phoned me and said to come over, then she broke the connection—"

"License, please," said Mr. Murphy. "Over where?"

"To her grandmother's. To Mrs. Jonathan MacGregor's house!"

Mr. Murphy raised a skeptical eyebrow. "So you're engaged to Mrs. MacGregor's granddaughter. Tsk, tsk!"

"Yes, I am," snapped Mike Nolan, "and I'll thank you to stop keeping me from her. Although if you had an ounce of human kindness in your frost-bitten soul, you'd tear up that ticket and forget the whole thing!"

Mr. Murphy extracted the ticket from his book with loving care. "I never," he said truthfully, "tore up a ticket in my life. This summons is for your own good, young man. It's specially designed to protect people like you from the consequences of your own folly."

Big Mike Nolan looked at the diminutive uniformed figure and uttered a croak of contempt. "When I need protection from you," he stated bitterly, "I'll go join a nunnery!" With which improbable prophecy, he ground both his teeth and his gears and shot forward into the night.

The encounter, nevertheless, had cooled him off somewhat, and he wondered, as he parked behind Christine's car in front of the MacGregor house, whether he had been unwise to come flying down to The Narrows instead of calling back to see what was wrong. And yet, there had been an urgency in Christine's voice that he did not like to remember. . . .

He ran up the marble steps and set his thumb firmly on the bell.

ONE hundred feet away, across the street where the trunk of an elm concealed him completely, the little man dropped his cigarette soundlessly to the ground and crushed it out with his heel. He was completely inconspicuous, this little man. He would have been invisible in a crowd. An observer would have had to look twice to notice that his head was too big for his body, that his eyes were small and rather stupid, that his hands were pale and nervous. Those eyes now were fixed on Mike's broad back, and one of the restless hands touched the short length of rope the little man carried in his pocket and his slow brain tried to cope with this emergency that had suddenly confronted it.

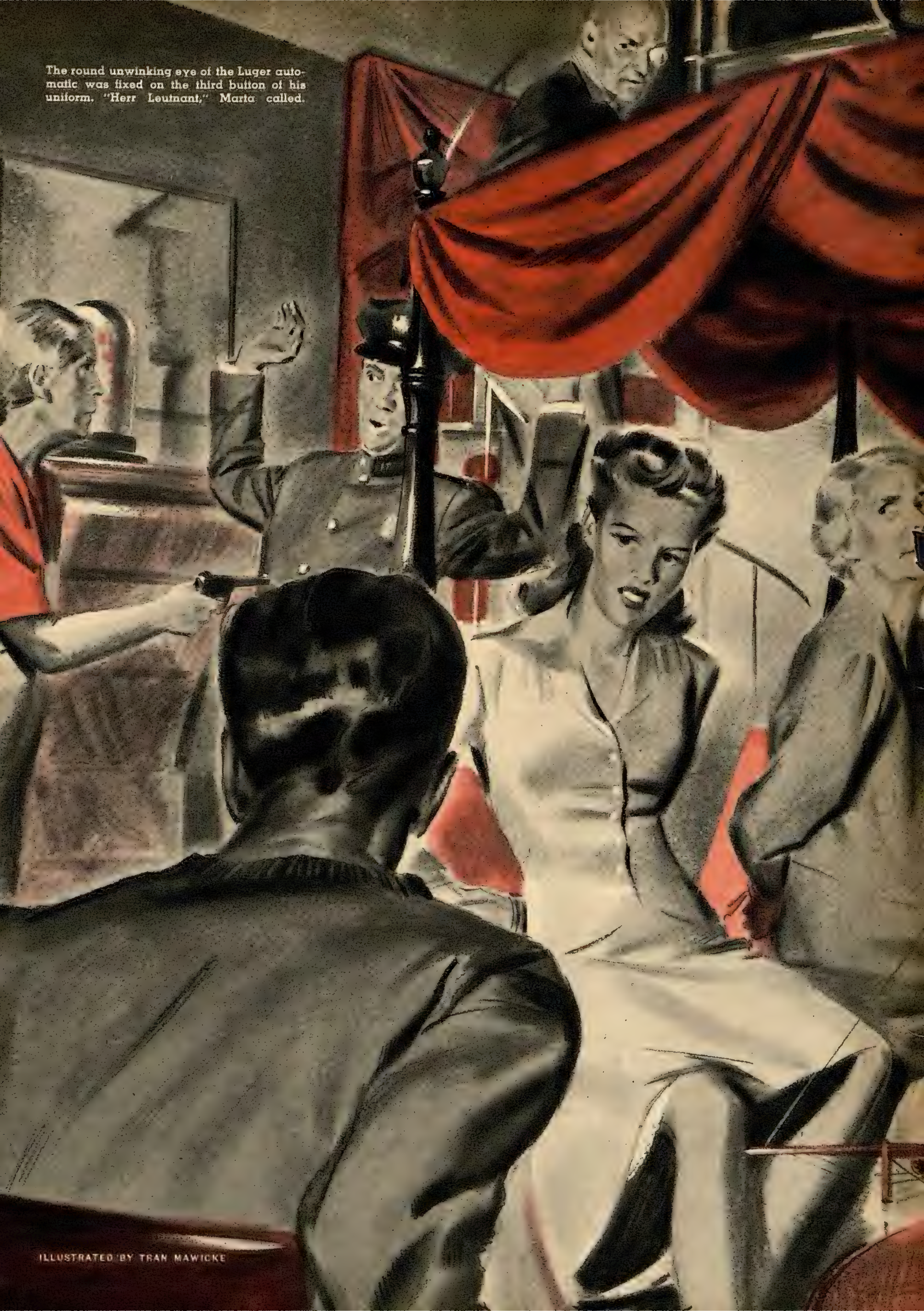
He had his orders, this little man. They were explicit. If any one unexpected came to the house at The Narrows, he was to stop them. Failing that, he was to warn his confederates inside. For several nights now he had watched, and nothing had happened. He had come to believe that nothing would happen. When Mike's car came careening down the street, therefore, he had been too surprised to move. He had simply stared, the cigarette dangling limply from his mouth. But when Mike mounted the steps and rang the bell, the little man's inertia ended.

He stepped out from behind the elm tree, his rubber-soled shoes noiseless on the pavement. His hand came out of his pocket. In it the coiled rope was as supple and deadly as a snake. Lightly as a spider he drifted across the street and paused at the foot of the steps. He looked up at the width of Mike's shoulders, and hesitated.

Unconcerned, Mike pressed the bell again, heard it ring deep inside the silent house.

AT the sight of the man's hand, Christine had been too startled even to scream. She whirled around with a shuddering intake of breath.

The first thing she saw was the pair of binoculars. They were about three inches from her eyes and they looked enormous. The sight was so unexpected that for a moment she did not grasp the fact that they were suspended by a leather strap from the man's neck. Then, with a convulsive movement, she shrank back against the desk. Her eyes jumped from the binoculars to the face above them.



The round unwinking eye of the Luger automatic was fixed on the third button of his uniform. "Herr Leutnant," Marta called.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

It was an enormous face, round, puffy, almost babyish. But there was nothing babyish about the square, powerful lines of the man's body. His lips were parted in a smile that might have been disarming, had it not been for his eyes, which were small and as blue as ice and twice as cold. His hair was short and coarse and very black. There was something odd about that black hair; his complexion seemed to call for blond. He wore a plain blue suit that somehow conveyed the impression of a uniform.

"Sorry," he said in a whisper, "but I must ask you to leave the telephone strictly alone."

A thousand jumbled thoughts leaped through Christine's mind. The man obviously was no burglar. Burglars did not carry binoculars. Burglars did not hide, night after night, in a house occupied only by two elderly women. Nor did— Abruptly her mind jumped to another track entirely. How had he known she was telephoning? Where was Loki? Where was Marta? *What had he done to Marta?*

And then, over the massive shoulder, she saw Marta standing in the doorway. The man must have read the appeal in her eyes, for he spoke without looking around, still in a sibilant half-voice: "Go downstairs, Marta, and tell your mistress this young lady has had—er—a fainting spell."

Without a word Marta disappeared, closing the door behind her, and all at once Christine found her fright vanishing in a surge of indignation. So he knew Marta's name, knew Marta well enough to give her orders that were obeyed. . . . Her voice came back to her; anger stiffened her knees, stopped their trembling.

"WHO are you?" she demanded. "What do you mean, snooping around my grandmother's house like this, giving orders to her servant?"

Then, in a flash, it came to her. All at once she knew, without being told, the answers to her own questions. "You're a spy," she said flatly.

The man turned back to her with a deliberation that was more menacing than any show of surprise or anger. "An unpleasant word," he said in his soft, unnatural voice. "I prefer the more dignified title of—shall we say—patriotic observer. As for our friend Marta, she is indeed a faithful servant, but she serves a greater master than your grandmother."

He hesitated as steps sounded in the corridor outside, and with incredible swiftness for so big a man he moved so that he was invisible from the door. As he did so, Mrs. MacGregor came in quickly, with Marta close behind her. She looked anxiously at her granddaughter. "Why, Chris," she said, "what's the matter? Marta told me—"

"Marta was lying, granny," Chris said quietly. "We have an extra guest in the house. He's standing behind you right now."

Mrs. MacGregor turned her head slowly, and Christine observed with a fierce sort of pride that there was not a flicker of alarm on the old lady's face. Marta, no expression on her broad features, quietly closed the door.

"Pop musta left this ring in the tub, mom. Mine is more of a slate gray."

Mrs. MacGregor looked straight at the intruder. "What is the meaning of this?" she said. "How did you get in? What do you want?"

The man pushed a chair forward with one powerful sweep of his foot. "Sit down, please," he ordered. "If you do as I say, no harm will come to you. I am here to make certain observations on the shipping in The Narrows. Your house happens to be uniquely situated for such a purpose. I have been here before, on other occasions. Marta always lets me in."

Mrs. MacGregor looked at the woman she had sheltered for six years. "I'm sorry for you, Marta," she said, and the contempt in her old voice was like a branding iron.

Two spots of color glowed suddenly in Marta's pale cheeks. "I was born in Freiburg," she said slowly. "My husband died in an English prison camp during the last war—"

"Never mind all that, Marta," the man said in his shrill whisper. "I haven't forgotten the French bullet hole in my windpipe, either, but I do not find it necessary to remind people of these past unpleasantnesses. The past is unimportant; it's the future that counts." He hesitated. "Now that these ladies and their dog—I never did like dogs—have discovered my presence here, the future is a little uncertain. But tonight I cannot afford to be interfered with. Is that clear?"

"It is clear to me," said Mrs. MacGregor, "that you are a Nazi using my house to spy on the shipping in The Narrows, and if I can interfere with you in any way, I certainly will."

The big man shrugged his shoulders. He smiled until his eyes all but disappeared in the creases of his face. "Get some rope, Marta," he said.

The servant looked worried. "Surely you're not going to put ropes on madame—"

"*Mach schnell!*" The order was shrill in the silent room. Marta ducked her head and disappeared. The sibilant voice went on: "I think you will be more comfortable in the other bedroom. Marta tells me you found it locked last night. Perhaps that precaution of mine was a mistake." He shrugged again. "It doesn't matter now. Will you precede me, please?"

They walked down the corridor, Christine and her grandmother in front, the intruder close behind, and Christine found herself measuring the distance to the head of the stairs. If she could make a dash for the living room, lock herself in, telephone the police—

The man must have read her thoughts. "Don't try to run," he said. "You wouldn't get far. I have a gun, but I should hate to use it on such a pretty girl. Other methods of subduing you would be much—pleasanter."

Mrs. MacGregor put her hand on Christine's arm. "Do as he tells you, child," she said.

AT the door of the northwest bedroom they met Marta coming from the other direction, a length of clothesline in her hand. Christine tried to catch her eye in the forlorn hope of finding there some faint spark of loyalty, some trace of regret. But the woman kept her eyes fixed stolidly ahead of her.

"Sit down on the bed, please," the man said. "Clasp your hands around one of the bedposts. I trust you will not try to scream. Gags are very unpleasant things."

He cut two pieces of rope and tied the women so that—while not uncomfortable—they were virtually handcuffed to the bed. "It's unfortunate," he said as he worked, "that your curiosity had to get the better of you tonight of all nights. It's no secret that a convoy has been loading in this fair city of yours for some time. The question is, when does it sail, and with how many ships? My informants gave me to understand that it would sail last night, but"—he tightened the knots on Christine's wrists with a jerk—"it didn't. Very inconsiderate, really; our reception committee out there in the Atlantic is getting impatient." He straightened up. "Marta!"

"*Herr Leutnant?*"

"Are these shades lightproof? We do not want the dim-out authorities complaining of our little activities."

"They are lightproof, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Good," said the big man. "In that case"—he glanced around—"there is nothing more to worry about." And, as he said it, clearly audible in the silent house the doorbell rang.

Marta gave a convulsive start. Christine jumped to her feet, lost her balance as the rope pulled her back, fell sprawling on the bed. The man shot one searching glance at her. "So," he said, "your phone call did get through." Quickly he took the binoculars from around his neck. "No noise, please," he said. "If there is any sound, several of us will be very sorry."

He went out, closing the door behind him. Christine looked at her grandmother. Her eyes were wide and frightened, but not with fear for herself. "That's Mike," she whispered. "I telephoned him—"

Mrs. MacGregor smiled faintly. "I hope your young man is really good at dragons," she said.

OUTSIDE the house Mike Nolan took his thumb off the doorbell and waited for the door to open. He hoped Christine would open it herself; otherwise his rough working clothes would call for apologies and explanations, and after his encounter with Patrolman Murphy he was in the mood for neither.

But the figure that was silhouetted against the dim light when the door opened was certainly not Christine, nor her grandmother, nor Marta the maid. It was a man almost, if not quite, as big as Mike himself. The man stood there, blocking the doorway, and for a moment Mike wondered if he hadn't mistaken the house. "Miss Christine Ransom here?" he asked.

"Ransom?" repeated the man in a curious sort of whisper. Over Mike's shoulder he saw the shadowy figure at the foot of the steps. He made a negative gesture with his hand. The figure faded back out of sight.

Mike moved forward until one of his feet was across the threshold. "The young lady whose car is parked outside," he said, hunching his shoulders belligerently. "Where is she?"

The big man stepped aside suddenly. "Ah," he said, "you mean Mrs. MacGregor's granddaughter. Yes, she's here. Who are you?"

"A friend of hers," Mike said. He looked down at his shabby clothing. "I'm dressed like this because I've been working down on the docks."

The man opened the door wide. "On the docks," he repeated. "I see. Well, Miss Ransom is upstairs with the others. We've been playing a sort of game."

Mike moved into the shadowy hallway. "A sort of a game, eh?" he said. "Who are you?"

The man smiled. "A guest in the house like yourself," he said. "Shall we go up and join the others?"

Mike measured the other man in the semidarkness. "There's something phony about all this," he said to himself, "but if he gets tough I can handle him." Aloud he said merely, "Lead the way, brother."

They walked up the stairs together, and the man indicated the door of the northwest bedroom. Mike opened it, and stood, transfixed, on the threshold. And at once he felt something small and hard pressing against his spine.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to join our little game," said the soft whispering voice behind him.

Watching Mike's face, Christine read his thoughts. "Don't, Mike!" she cried. "He'll kill you!"

"I certainly will," said the whispering man. "Quietly and very completely. This Luger has an excellent silencer."

"Chris," Mike said, not moving, "are you all right?"

"She's all right so far," said his captor. "But in case you are troublesome

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I assure you she will not be all right very long." He prodded Mike viciously with the Luger. "Sit down," he ordered. "In that straight chair. Marta, tie his hands behind him and fasten them to the chair."

Mike sat rigid while the servant bound his hands. "I don't know who you are," he said to the spy, "or what you think you're doing, but—"

"I suppose," said the big man, walking behind Mike and testing his bonds, "that you are about to scold or threaten me. Wonderful people, you Americans! The more helpless you are, the bigger you talk." He spat contemptuously, dropping the Luger back into his pocket. "Speaking of talk," he said, "perhaps you can save me some time and trouble. You said you worked down on the docks. Tell me, what time does the convoy sail tonight?"

Mike looked at him steadily. "What's in it for me if I tell you?" he asked.

"Mike!" cried Christine.

Quick as a snake, the German turned and struck her with the back of his hand across the face. Mike's face went crimson and the chair groaned as he strained against it. Then, just as suddenly, he relaxed.

"I DON'T think we'll be interrupted again," the spy said. "You were saying?"

"I asked you," Mike said, "what's in it for me if I tell you?"

The other chuckled hoarsely. "You are hardly in a good bargaining position," he said. "What do you want in exchange for this information?"

"I just want to get out of here. If I tell you, will you let me go?"

The blue eyes were wary in the fat smiling face. "Possibly," the sibilant voice said. "Possibly."

Mike seemed to hesitate for a moment. "Well, then," he said finally, "it sails tomorrow night at midnight. Sixteen freighters, three tankers. The escort picks them up a mile offshore."

The German walked forward, still smiling, and slapped Mike so hard across the face that the chair teetered and went over with a crash. He reached down, seized Mike's shoulder, and, with a remarkable display of brute strength, jerked him back upright, chair and all.

"You must think me a fool," he said, "to be taken in by a clumsy lie! Now I am more certain than ever that the convoy sails tonight. With your permission"—he bowed toward Mrs. MacGregor—"I am going to make sure."

He picked up his binoculars, slung them round his neck. "You will go downstairs and turn out all lights, Marta," he said. "Then go outside and tell that fool Heinrich to be more alert. There must be no more interruptions tonight—understand? Finally, you will take this gun"—he handed it to her—"and guard these people. At the slightest sign of trouble, you will call me." He set his foot on the first step of the iron staircase. "By the way," he said, "your dog is in that chest over there. He's only stunned, I think. A very democratic dog; his bark, I found, was much worse than his bite!" He chuckled again at his own joke, mounted the staircase, and disappeared.

TWO hours later Patrolman Murphy sat in his car, which was parked across the street from Mrs. MacGregor's house, and spoke patiently into the radio. "I tell you," he said, "there is *no* light in Mrs. MacGregor's living-room window where there has *always* been a light every night for the past four years—even since the dim-out. There are no lights in the house at all—which is strange, since I gave a ticket some time ago to a suspicious character whose car is now standing in front of the door. On the whole, I think the situation calls for investigation."

"All right, all right," said the radio wearily. "Go ahead and investigate." It added something that sounded suspiciously like, "Anything for a laugh."

Mr. Murphy checked a devastating reply, snapped off the radio, and clambered out of the car. Before him the house loomed black and silent. Behind him something moved in the shadows. Heinrich was not going to be caught napping this time.

At the foot of the marble steps Mr. Murphy hesitated. Routine procedure called simply for ringing the bell and asking the person who answered if everything was all right. But, reasoned Mr. Murphy with some logic, if everything was *not* all right, what then? Ringing the bell would merely advertise his presence and allow the malefactors, if any, to escape.

To the left of the front door, only a few feet above the ground, an unlighted window attracted the attention of Mr. Murphy. It was protected only by a narrow iron balcony. If that window happened to be unlocked— A little stiffly, Mr. Murphy hoisted himself up. He tested the window. It opened easily. Just as a precaution, he loosened the flap of his holster and touched the cold, reassuring butt of his service revolver. If any trouble was afoot in Mrs. MacGregor's house, he was going to be ready for it.

He bent down to enter through the window. As he did so, the balcony was jarred ever so slightly. At the same instant a loop of fire seemed to circle Mr. Murphy's throat. He straightened up, clawing the air, fighting the deadly pressure. Choking, he felt himself being drawn inexorably backward.

IN the northwest bedroom nothing had changed for the past two hours. Marta sat with her back to the door, guarding the prisoners, her face blank, the Luger ready in her lap. Christine and Mrs. MacGregor sat on the bed, leaning against the bedposts, eyes closed. Mike Nolan, an angry welt on the left side of his face, was talking in a low voice to Marta. He had been talking in the same vein for a long time with no visible results.

"You're being a sucker, Marta," he was saying now. "This guy on the roof will make his getaway before daylight, but what about you? You can't hide very long. You'll be picked up and slapped in jail—if they don't shoot you. Whereas if you'll just cut me loose, or even go into the next room and phone the police, we'll forget you had anything to do with this."

Marta's thin lips tightened, but she gave no other indication of having heard him. Christine raised her head wearily. "It's no use, Mike," she said. "You're talking to a Nazi. You're just wasting your brain power."

Mike snorted. His big shoulders writhed. "Brain power!" he said bitterly. "What a sap I was—what an all-American dope! Rushing in here like a wild bull and letting that fat fifth columnist stick a gun in my back. I ought to have my head examined!"

Mrs. MacGregor shifted her position as much as her bonds would allow. Her back ached and she was feeling anything but charitable. "Seems to me, young man," she snapped, "that you've changed very little in the last ten years. Last time you were in this room you rushed around so violently that you broke that mirror over there in the corner. It cost me exactly twelve dollars and fif—"

She stopped in the middle of a word—stopped so suddenly that Mike glanced at her in surprise. "I know I did, ma'am," he said humbly. "My apologies. Christine and I used to indulge in bullfighting, and this room was always the arena—"

His voice, too, trailed away into silence. For he had followed Mrs. MacGregor's startled glance, had seen what she had seen—that the knob of the bedroom door was being turned slowly, turned from the outside.

PATROLMAN MURPHY was crotchety, but he was no coward. Nor was he a fool. When Heinrich's rope tightened agonizingly around his neck, he knew exactly what was happening to him. It was the first time in his many years of service that any one had tried to garrote him. But a certain detective—hero of several such encounters in Harlem—had once told him what to do when thus attacked from behind. There was only one move to make, the detective had said. Patrolman Murphy now made it. He hooked the toe of one foot behind his assailant's leg and hurled himself violently backward.

The maneuver was at least partially successful. Taken by surprise, Heinrich relaxed his pressure and staggered back. The low railing caught him behind the knees, and over he went, dragging Murphy with him. The first thing that hit the pavement was the back of Heinrich's head. He moaned feebly once and lay still.

Mr. Murphy sat up and felt his throat tenderly. Then he took out his blackjack. When Heinrich stirred a moment later, the blackjack was scientifically and unfeelingly applied to his skull.

"That'll hold you for a while," growled Mr. Murphy through his sorely bruised windpipe.

To make even more sure of holding the prisoner, he took a pair of handcuffs and locked his inert victim's arms around a convenient lamppost. Then he stood up and surveyed his handiwork with grim satisfaction. Now that his suspicions that all was not well in The Narrows had been so drastically confirmed, he was aware that he should call for reinforcements. But Patrolman Murphy's Irish was up. Headquarters had ridiculed his theory that something was wrong. Well, he'd show 'em! He'd handled one thug all by himself.

He pulled out his electric torch, hoisted himself up to the balcony and through the window. For several seconds he remained motionless in the darkness, straining his ears for any untoward sound. And gradually, imperceptibly, he became aware of voices somewhere in the upper regions of the house. Toward these voices, guided by brief, discreet flashes of his pocket lamp, Mr. Murphy made his way. He inched up the stairs and paused at the top. The voices were louder but still indistinguishable. He prowled down the corridor, and stopped before a door from beneath which issued a faint ribbon of light.

He felt for the doorknob, found it, turned it slowly. There was a sudden silence inside the room. Mr. Murphy pushed the door open and stepped inside. The sudden light made him blink, but even blinking he could see enough to convince him that things were certainly not as they should be.

"WHAT'S going on here?" he demanded in his fiercest voice. Only one of the four occupants of the room moved at all. The gray-haired woman who had been sitting with her back to the door swung around as if jerked by wires. Unbelieving, Mr. Murphy stared at the person he had known as Mrs. MacGregor's maid. For an endless moment nobody spoke. Then Mrs. MacGregor found her voice.

"Arrest that woman!" she snapped. "She's a spy. She has an accomplice on the roof! Arrest them both!"

But Mr. Murphy did not heed this exhortation to heroism. He did not heed it because the round unwinking eye of the Luger automatic in Marta's hand was fixed unwaveringly on the third gold button of his uniform. He stood frozen in the doorway, his right hand still gripping the knob, his left hand holding his flashlight.

"Herr Leutnant!" Marta said in a shrill whisper. She called again, louder, *"Herr Leutnant!"*

There was a quick step on the iron staircase, and the big German swung down into the room as lightly as a leopard. His little eyes took in the situation at a glance. He cursed once and snatched the pistol from Marta. He moved forward, keeping the policeman covered.

"How many?" he said to Mr. Murphy in a snarling whisper. "How many of you are there? Tell me quick, unless you want to die where you stand."

Mr. Murphy's mouth opened but no sound issued from it. Mr. Murphy was, in fact, incapable of speech. But some one else spoke—spoke a most improbable word.

"Olé!" said Christine suddenly from the bed. *"Olé! Olé!"*

For a split second every eye in the room was on her.

"Olé!" she cried once more, desperately. And in that split second Mike understood the reference—understood what she was asking him to do. He surged forward onto his feet, dragging the chair with him. He could not move his pinioned hands, but he could—and did—hurl himself at the German in one titanic lunge. At the last instant he twisted his body sideways so that the legs of the chair swung around in a murderous arc. They struck the big man in the small of the back and knocked him sprawling. The chair dissolved in matchwood as both men hit the floor. The Luger sailed through the air and slid under the four-poster. And Patrolman Murphy, unfrozen at last, jerked out his long-barreled .38.

"Cut me loose!" Mike yelled, struggling to his knees. "Don't let him get away!"

The German showed no signs of getting away. He lay motionless where he had fallen, face down. Mr. Murphy, still sufficiently stunned to obey orders without question, pocketed his flashlight, fished out a knife which he opened with his teeth, and went to work on the rope that bound Mike to the remnants of the chair. To sever the final strands without cutting Mike's wrists, he had to take his eyes off the spy. Instantly the German was on his feet and through the door.

Mike sprang up, broke the almost severed rope with a convulsive heave of his shoulders, and vanished on the heels of the fleeing German.

"Mike!" Christine screamed. "Be careful!"

Her answer was a terrific crash as four hundred pounds of embattled humanity landed at the foot of the stairs in the hall below. And subsequent sounds indicated that Mike, having leaped two thirds of the way down the stairs onto the back of his adversary, was *not* being careful.

Abruptly Mr. Murphy became a man of action. He shoved the long barrel of the .38 into Marta's ribs. His eyes swept the room quickly, focused on the big wardrobe. "In there," he ordered. "Quick!"

Gray-faced, Marta opened the wardrobe, stepped inside. Mr. Murphy turned the key on her, slashed with his knife at the rope that bound Christine, and plunged out of the room in the direction of the awesome sounds that continued to rise from the hall below. Christine, her numb fingers all thumbs, picked up the knife and freed her grandmother.

"Good girl!" said Mrs. MacGregor admiringly. "Mike would never have thought of reverting to his bullfighting days if you hadn't prompted him!"

TOGETHER they ran down the corridor. As they descended the stairs a shaft of light from Mr. Murphy's flashlight cut through the darkness and circled the struggling figures. At that precise moment Mike doubled his feet under him and kicked the German into the wall, where he sat, momentarily stunned, in the glare of the torch.

"Put 'em up, there!" said Mr. Murphy sternly. "That's about enough from you!"

Mrs. MacGregor, now at the bottom of the stairs, touched a switch. The lights came on, and Christine saw Mike, his sweat shirt torn half off, towering over Mr. Murphy.

"No you don't," Mike said to the policeman. "You don't stop this now. Not when I've just started. Not when this big lug has spent the evening slapping my fiancée's face and taking a poke at me when my hands were tied—not to mention spying on a convoy that is probably on its way through The Narrows right this minute. You can put your gun away, my friend. We're not going to need it."

"Go ahead, young man," Patrolman Murphy said, holstering his revolver. "Take your hands down, Nazi. I think you're going to need them."

He watched the events of the next fifteen seconds with morbid admiration, wincing once or twice in spite of himself.

"Now you've done it," he said to Mike, when the hall was quiet again. "Now we need a stretcher."

Mike said nothing, for the very good reason that Christine was in his arms. "Darling," she said. "Hold me. Hold me tight. Don't ever let me go!"

Mr. Murphy looked at Mrs. MacGregor. "Mush!" he commented acidly.

Mrs. MacGregor was tired. "If you want to telephone headquarters, officer," she said wearily, "there's a phone in the living room."

"I do indeed," said Mr. Murphy with relish. He started for the door, then paused on the threshold, looking back benevolently. "H'm," he said. "Just remembered something."

He took out his little black book. Scraps of paper floated to the carpet. For the first time in his life, Mr. Murphy was tearing up a traffic ticket.

THE END

GIVE HIM AN INCH AND HE'LL TAKE THE WHOLE BACK YARD

YOU GET THE HOOK, WORM!

WILL THE JAPS

News map! . . . First of a striking series. We'll have more from time to time

Analysis by **LEONARD ENGEL**
Map by **A. LEIDENFROST**

LAST May, as the Japanese army put the finishing touches to its campaign in Burma, it was overtaken by the first storms of the Indian Ocean's annual rain-wind, the monsoon. The Burma-India war zone has been quiet since. Now the monsoon is about to break. With clear weather east of Iran, the greatest danger we—Americans, Britons, Russians, Chinese, and all the United Nations—face is a Nazi-Jap junction in India.

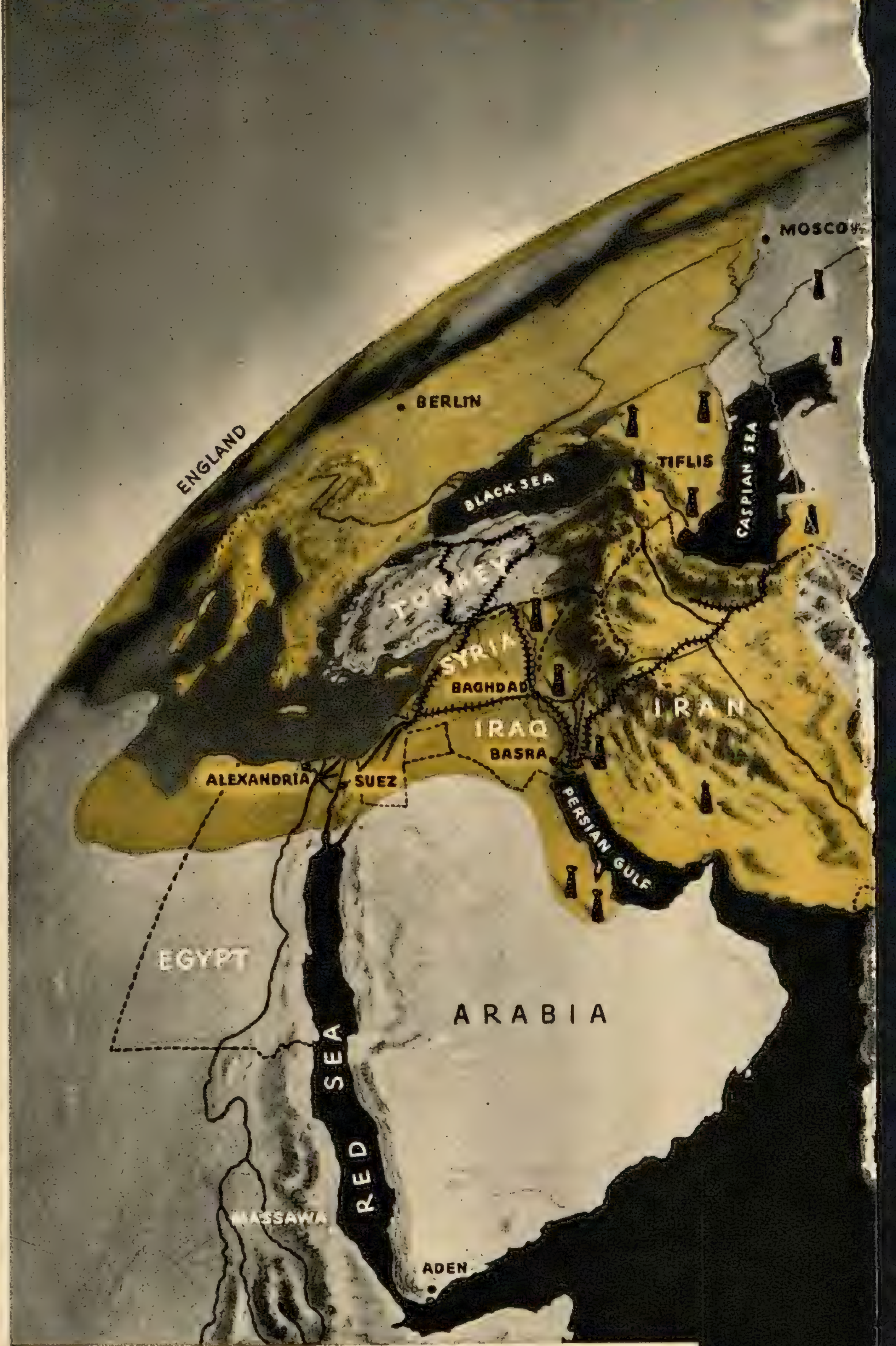
Nearly 4,000 miles stretch between Suez and Burma, but the lay of the land helps the invaders more than it helps us. The reward, if they succeed in meeting, is rich enough to tempt them to almost any risk. It will take hard fighting to see that the twin Nazi and Japanese drives never get under way, or are stopped if they do.

The map shows how the Axis may strike, and why. The routes the invaders must follow cross battle grounds as trackless and difficult as the Libyan Desert. But nearly all the real barriers are turned the wrong way—parallel to the direction of the enemy's advance. From Suez, new roads cross Palestine, Transjordania, and western Iraq to Baghdad; from the Balkans, the Constantinople-Baghdad railway paves a highway of steel for a Nazi advance through the mountains below the Black Sea. From Baghdad the Germans can descend the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates to Basra, or go east by highway to Iran, then through the passes and mountain valleys of Iran and Baluchistan into India. If the Nazis break through the Caucasus they have only to negotiate the plain south of the Caspian Sea to reach this route. In India itself, no mountains bar the way. The Pamirs and Himalayas are safely, for the Axis, to the north.

If the Germans and Japanese meet, they will command not only the fabulously rich keystone of the British Empire (see chart for India's war resources) but a huge labor supply. The United Nations will have an ocean as well as continents to reconquer, and the most important links between us and Russia and China will be in the enemy's hands.

At least 2,000,000 Allied soldiers are massed in the Near and Middle East and India to counter this threat. Unfortunately they do not have the undivided support of India, for India is divided territorially, religiously, socially. Insofar as it is united, it is behind Gandhi, who wishes freedom from the British. If India's millions were united, armed, and devoted to our side, a Nazi-Jap attempt to meet would be unthinkable. As it is, Hitler and Tokyo may soon try.

THE END



IF JAPAN WINS INDIA

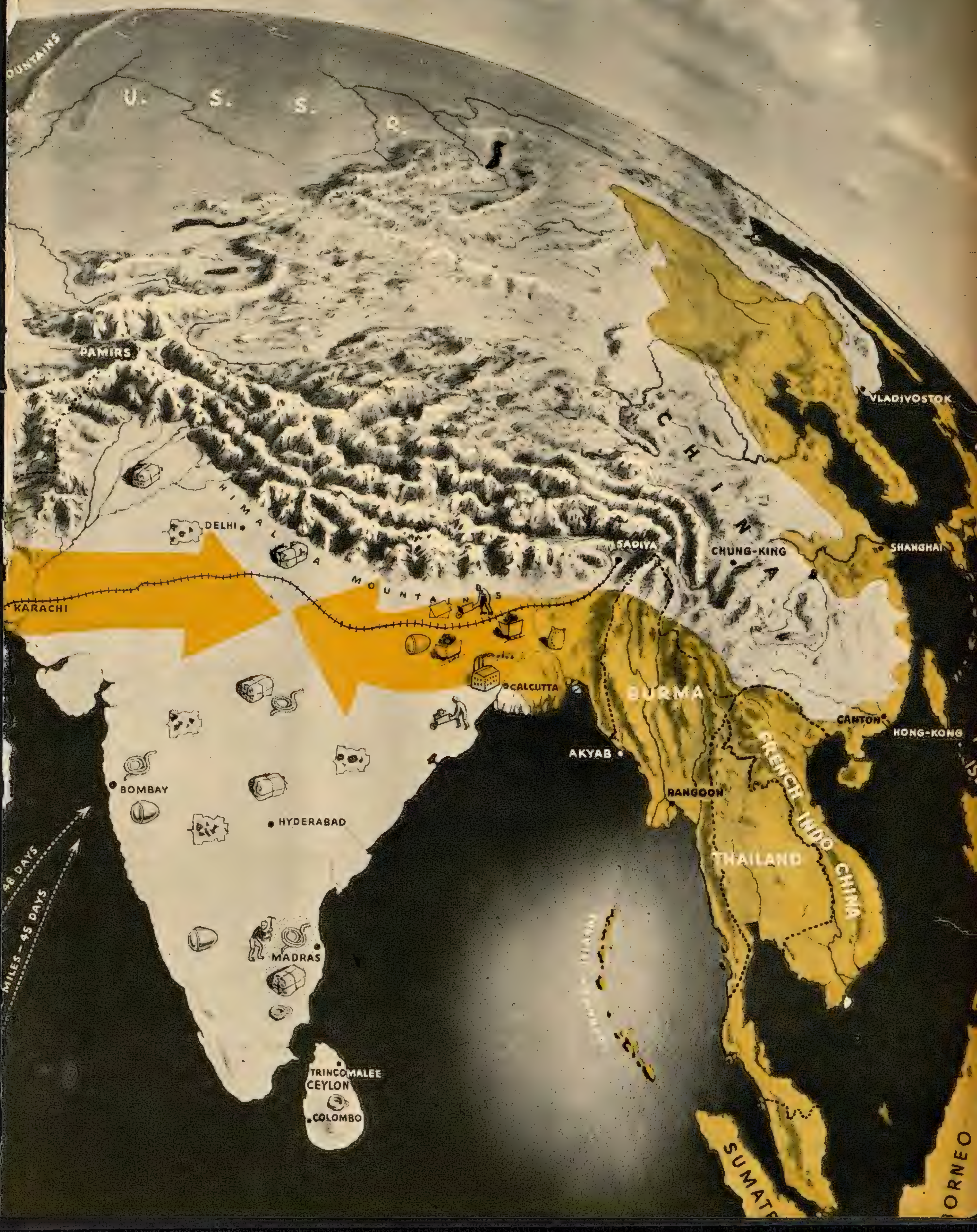
IN THESE WAR RESOURCES—

	JAPAN GAINS	WE LOSE		JAPAN GAINS	WE LOSE
CHROMITE	28%	7%	IRON ORE	75%	3%
COAL	30%	3%	IRON & STEEL	33%	2%
COTTON	167%	24%	JUTE	17,000%	100%
HEMP	6%	11%	LEATHER	INDIA LEADS WORLD IN CATTLE, PRIMARY LEATHER SOURCE	
HIGH-GRADE MICA	1,200%	75%	MANGANESE	400%	25%

THIS MAP IS A PERSPECTIVE DRAWING AND HAS NO MEASURABLE SCALE

RAILROADS FIRST-CLASS HIGHWAYS

AND NAZIS MEET?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FRENCH INDO CHINA
THAILAND
BOMBAY
HYDERABAD
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MILES — 45 DAYS
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SUMAT
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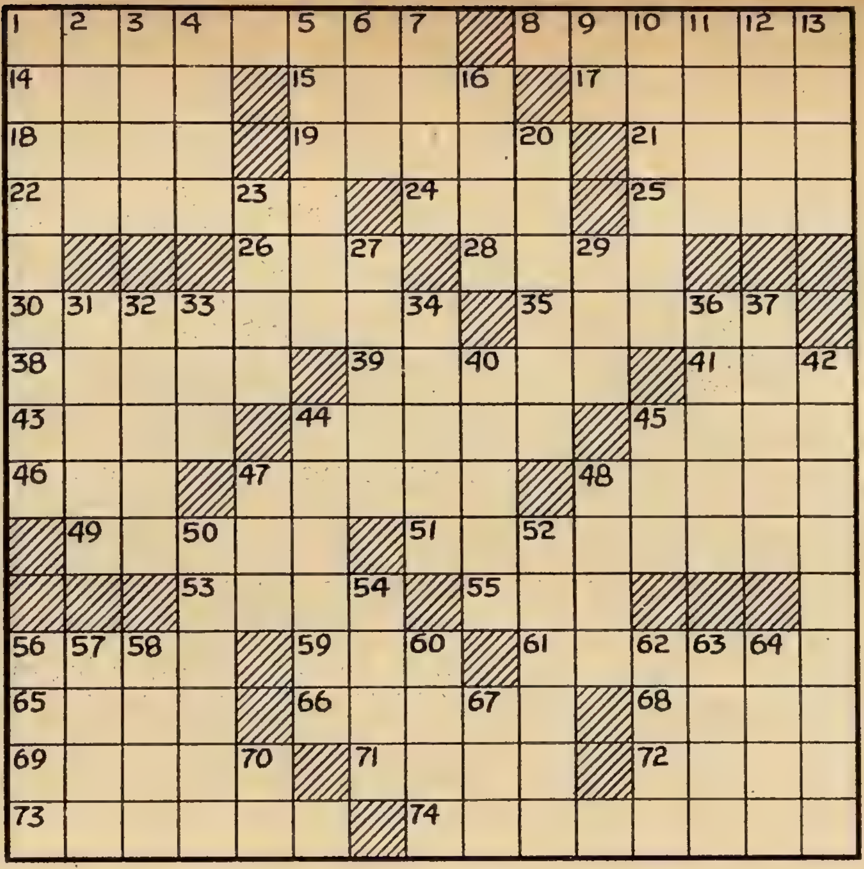
Cockeyed Crosswords by Ted Shane



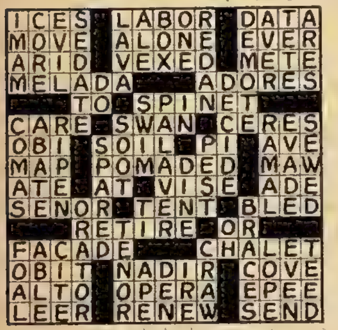
HORIZONTAL

1 Used in nation's most popular pastetime (pl.)
8 Complaining voice from beneath the sheets
14 Nothing to say Here, kitty, kitty! to
15 Kind of poisoning Germs are suffering from more and more
17 Biblical bad man
18 First atrocity victim
19 Alcohilarious feelings
21 Iron thing that must go into the scrap to win
22 The scent of old Italy: who can ever forget it?
24 Feed the furnace
25 Kind of sticker
26 Homemade horror pictures (abbr.)
28 Hot-dog blanket
30 Heat applied to wind
35 There's been a song demand for dozens of them recently to send to loved ones
38 It's real fisherman's luck to catch a pair of these
39 The rascal!
41 Mechanized sheep
43 Little squirt from down under
44 Ex-red heads who've died
45 Indian Mickey Rooney
46 Rustic Ritz
47 Gamest guy in the world
48 The Greenland part of North Africa (pl.)
49 Here's mud in your eye! (according to Norway)
51 Toe dunkers in the stream of life
53 He made one big one writing for the boys
55 Just so for the Scotch
56 What any Rockefeller counts his dough by
59 A flop in the chicken business
61 Mental drool
65 Awfulitch's given name
66 What dunkers do to get soused
68 Give us that old smile, Pagliacci!
69 A "The Hypotenuse-is-the-largest-animal-in-the-zoo"
71 Pretty smart!
72 Place you'll find the old-fashioned baker's dozin'
73 Mental dumbouts
74 He fiddled around and managed to scrape up a living

VERTICAL

1 Hungry Italians are using German red tape for this
2 This player is all wrapped up in his work
3 Ima (masc.)
4 Yoo-hoo
5 What America does by ballots not bullets
6 Once left, he's all right now
7 YYYYYYY
9 Opening word from a doctor
10 Nonmilitary posts
11 He's all wet (slang)
12 What the Mexican made in Juan with a shot from his shooting iron
13 Kind of machinery that'll win for Hitler
16 Husbands say it's an expensive gadget around the home (fem.)
20 Fair and warmer, according to the papers (pl.)
23 Creatures with sugar content of *extract des pommes*
27 Member of the Panzy Division
29 Cut off
31 Unconscious looks
32 What the hotfootee never feels the hotfoot is
33 It's hot in the Ozarks
34 Get in hot water and just burn up
36 What we'll have to keep doing with our rubbers
37 Another sticker for you
40 They cover large surfaces of the earth
42 His theme song's You Made Me Love You, I Didn't Wanna Do It
44 What the sexton did when he saw the village belles peeling at the swimming hole
45 My Gal
47 Soon to be sold at gas stations
48 Kint uff Nazti lieutenant
50 A key word
52 This N. G. Man sounds foul (two words)
54 These eyes are self-ish
56 Drool snares
57 Bard's swimming hole
58 Romance Blvd.
60 This chinless wonder's a sketch!
62 We'll soon be carrying plenty of this scrap to the Jap
63 66
64 The Battle of Life was lost on the playing fields of what?
67 Sunken U-boats Appeal! (abbr.)
70 Each side of a road

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



ICES■LABOR■DATA
MOVE■ALONE■EVER
ARID■VEXED■METE
MELADA■■■ADORES
■■■TO■SPINET■■■
CARE■SWAN■CERES
OBI■SOIL■PI■AVE
MAP■POMADED■MAW
ATE■AT■VISE■ADE
SENOR■TENT■BLED
■■■RETIRE■OR■■■
FACADE■■■CHALET
OBIT■NADIR■COVE
ALTO■OPERA■EPEE
LEER■RENEW■SEND

Last week's answer

SMOKING MEANS INHALING–
INHALING MEANS YOU NEED

what PHILIP MORRIS *alone provides!*

All smokers sometimes inhale. But—*your throat* needn't know it. Here's a vital difference you may not know exists. Eminent doctors compared the leading favorite cigarettes . . . *found and reported* that:

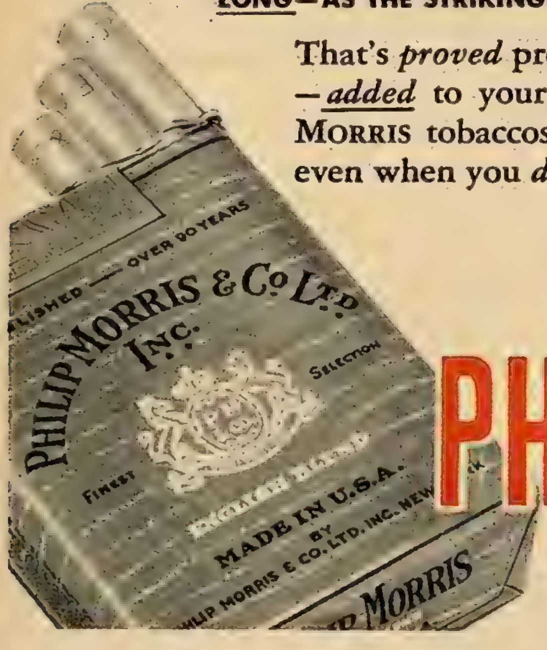
SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

That's *proved* protection—*exclusive* with PHILIP MORRIS—*added* to your enjoyment of the finer-quality PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos. *No worry about throat irritation . . .* even when you *do inhale!*

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE


ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
SELECTION
FINEST
MADE IN U.S.A.
BY PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC. NEW YORK
PHILIP MORRIS

THIS IS AMERICA

WEEK-END COWGIRLS

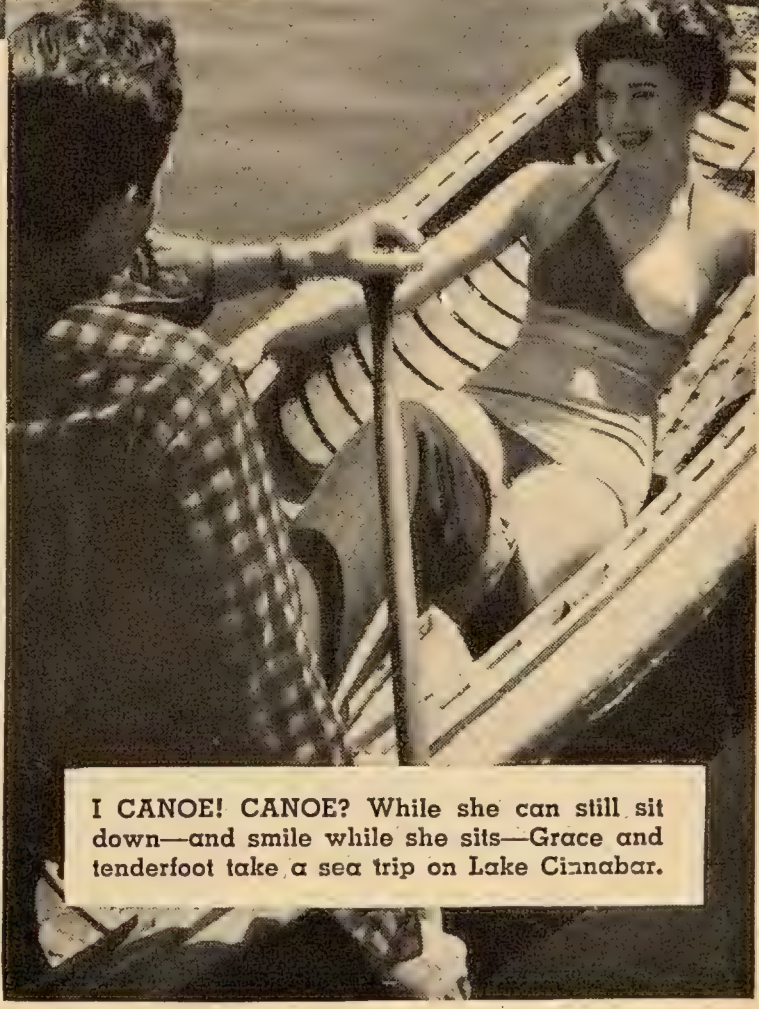
It's ninety-nine cents from Broadway to this dude ranch, where city slickers do their stuff in the wild and woolly East

YOU no longer must ride four days and nights to find yourself in the Wild and Woolly West. Pat and Grace Morris, who model fashions by day and study spot welding by night, merely mount a train in New York City and, ninety-nine cents away, find themselves at Cinnabar, typical dude ranch for pavement cowboys. Here the girls can rig themselves up like Annie Oakley and swagger around among other cowgals and guys from Brooklyn, the Bronx, and points east.

Dude ranches-on-the-subway handle about seventy-five guests, average about twelve dollars a week-end for six horse-sized meals, two nights in pine-scented double-decker beds, and lots of riding and free instruction. At Cinnabar horses are gentle Western cow ponies and Palominos — the parlor-sofa-with-four-legs-and-one-speed-forward (low) type.

Pat and Grace hope to graduate from Cinnabar to Cimarron Ranch, hard by—where horses are faster 'n' ornerier—hope to ride broncs in Sunday ranch rodeos, and eventually—yes, you guessed it—marry real ranch owners.

Photographed by Michael Levelle



I CANOE! CANOE? While she can still sit down—and smile while she sits—Grace and tenderfoot take a sea trip on Lake Cinnabar.

DO HOSSES EAT MEAT? Grace can't remember if Dobbin eats off the hand that feeds him, as she bribes him with her sugar ration into throwing her more gently when they go on their next ride together.

OUT ON A LIMB! Grace tries the plan of mounting the corral fence, then making a short crossing to the horse. The restless type, the horse won't stand for this nonsense—and moves over.

HORSING AROUND. Dismounting for a drink from a bubbling brook, Pat playfully dunks head of Al Franklin, cowboy instructor from Wyoming. Unlike millions of present-day Westerners, Al can ride.

GIRLS WILL BE BOYS! To cool off after a long hot ride, the girls try to push each other into the spring-fed pond. Both o them enjoy all ranch sports from A to Z—Archery to Zwimming!

OLD-FASHIONED RUG CUTTIN'. It's Saturday night at the ranch and Pat goes "Under the Mill" with a vacationing week-end cowboy from the Australian Navy. The gob told her he was a Horse Marine!

PRANCE IN YOUR PANTS. Slacks are quite *au fait* for evening wear and handy for the new war stamps, so Grace and a jiving friend mix a little 1,000-legged jitterbugging with square danc

LL ABOARD! While Grace assures steed and self that woman
a horse's best friend, the horse sizes up chances of return-
ng to his cozy stall—or should he gallop a Derby trial first?

LAST CHANCE
BAR

WILDER'N THE WEST ITSELF. Whippin' leather and ridin' like a posse, gals gallop down Cimarron's honky-tonk Main Street, which reeks of the good old days when the West was wilder than a Philly pitcher.

RE YOU GAME, LADIES? Evenings bring rides, dancing, games.
ere girls mount for the Kentucky Brown Derby—hoping their nags
n't have Adam's-apple type of spines, tough on saddle bunions.

COWHAND COFFIN NAILS. "Why smoke good tailor-mades when you can roll lousy ones yourself?" a city dude asks as he uses two hands—the sissy—and shows the two girls how Bill Hart didn't do it!

VING YO' PARTNER AND A DOSY DOS! After a long hard day's
ing, nobody cares much about sitting down, so the girls keep
ht on dancing until they practically fall asleep standing up.

LAST CHANCE BAR. Tomorrow, vitaminized, tanned, gals will remember clean pine smells in the subway, see Catskill sunsets in acetylene-torch flame. By midweek they'll be eating sitting down again.

The Fantastic Story of
New York's Most
Glamorous Murderess
...The

Truth
ABOUT
MADELINE WEBB

Now... unfolded for the first time under one cover . . . the amazing story-book adventure of a small-town girl from Oklahoma who dreamed of acting ...then found herself playing her most dramatic role, in a courtroom before a judge and jury *on trial for her life!*

Visit again that famous New York courtroom, still ringing with Madeline's cries to her lover, Eli Shonbrun, still echoing the story of their fiendish murder plot. Hear Eli's pleas for mercy for the beautiful model whom he loved . . . whom he led into crime . . . and into a life-term conviction of murder!

Listen while Murray Hirschl turns state's evidence, and dramatically brands the killers as they snarl vitriolic hate for their betrayer. Watch the quiet Oklahoma lawyer struggle desperately, with heartbreaking emotion, to save her life . . . See Madeline, tearless and restrained, face the bench as she, Eli and Joe Cullen hear the verdict!

Yes, here is the year's most thrilling Tale of Manhattan. Perhaps it could happen any day in the week in this city of fabulous people, fantastic events. But there'll still be only one Madeline Webb — the once stunning model whose downfall the world will long remember. With 33 momentous action photographs of the trial, True Detective Magazine now publishes this entire fascinating case in all its stirring detail. Don't miss "The Truth About Madeline Webb" in this month's issue!

BY ALL MEANS READ

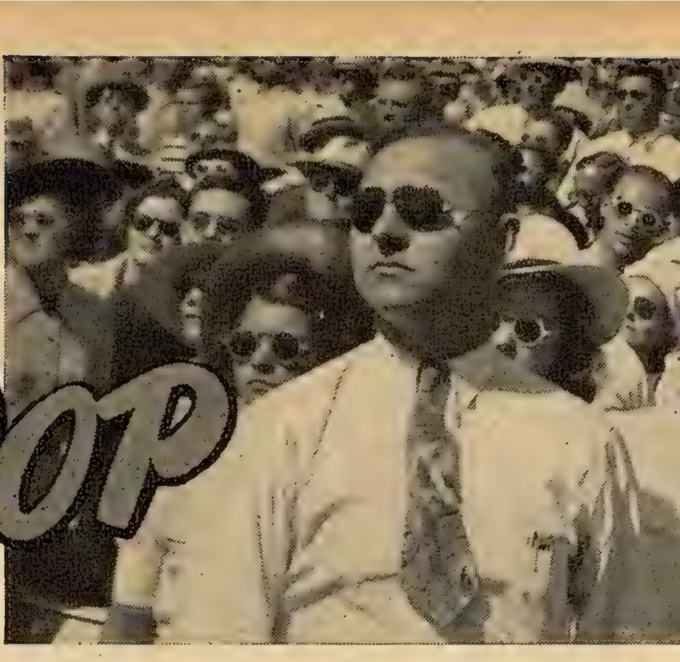
"The Corpse That Came Back" ★ "Magicians of the Underworld" ★ "Enigma of the Manor House" ★ "How G-Men Trapped Hitler's Gestapo"

BUY YOUR COPY TODAY

True Detective

SEPTEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW

Vox Pop



"Voice of the People"

YOUR LETTER WAS JUST AS THRILLING TO US

CHICAGO, ILL.—The article How Soldiers Are Kept Well, by Morris Markey, which appeared in July 18 Liberty, carried a picture of a group of sturdy American soldiers arriving in Australia. The young man in the front line, third from right, wearing glasses and a slightly worried expression, is my husband, and I think he's pretty healthy, too!

Private Connor's an awfully long way from home, and a thrill as unexpected as seeing him walking right out of Liberty's pages is going to stay with me for a long, long time, helping to fill up the empty spaces between letters.—*Mrs. William S. Connor, Jr.*

BUT DON'T YOU THINK HE SHOULD WEAR *SOMETHING?*

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Just where does Private Harry Norton (July 25 Vox Pop) get that stuff about drafting girls to dance with him? Isn't he man enough to get a girl on his own merits? He'd better turn in his khaki uniform and get him a set of knitting needles.—*Sgt. H. E. Miller, Air Base.*

THE MEN WHO MAN OUR MERCHANT SHIPS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Most of us know little about the life and deeds of a merchant seaman. What we do know is that, in war and peace, somehow our stores are always full and that we eat better and dress better than any other nation in the world. This is evidence that our merchantmen are still manning ships and sailing them. Every now and then we read some account of weeks of agony that make a bare one-minute reading on the back of some newspaper—men adrift for days, for weeks, without food or water, in open lifeboats or rafts in freezing weather, in torrid weather—bombed ships blazing at both ends and being shelled from all angles—men being burned or scalded to death in boiler rooms—miserable wretches, who are fortunate enough to get into lifeboats or rafts, machine-gunned as they bob over the ocean.

On any trip a seafaring merchantman expects this.

Supply lines must be kept open for deliveries of munitions, food, and soldiers to combat areas if the United States is to win this war. But those ashore are unable to realize what it really means to be a merchant seaman.—*George W. Blakeley, survivor of the torpedoed S.S. Robin Moor, Survivor of the torpedoed ———.*

No one can realize what it means to go through those experiences until it happens to *him.* But, George, when the shooting stops and we "take a look at the record," you and the hundreds of A. B.s, ordinary seamen, wipers, firemen, and mess boys will hold a mighty high place in the hearts of a people who thought freedom was worth fighting for.—VOX POP EDITOR.

H'MN

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Kay Kyser's Crazy Quiz (July 11 Liberty) wouldn't get the two-dollar prize in the Noah Webster Says quiz. In the second question (*a*), "The cockpit is a place where roosters fight," Kyser says, "Wrong." In my Webster the first definition of cockpit is "A pit or enclosure for cockfights." How about it, Mr. Kyser?—*Sidney Jones.*

SURE CURE FOR GAS SPENDTHRIFTS

KENMORE, N. Y.—Yesterday I made an interesting experiment to determine my car's gas mileage. I disconnected the gas feed line and fed the motor from a quart bottle connected to the fuel pump by a hose and placed so that it could be seen by the driver. I set the speedometer at zero and proceeded to drive. In the ensuing moments I was thoroughly cured of the habit of needless driving. For, although I have a light car which is considered "easy on gas," I was startled to see the gas in the bottle literally disappear.

I am sure that if you could persuade your readers to try this simple test it would give them, as it has me, a better conception of the amount of fuel actually consumed by a car. The psychological effect of this test would result in the necessary saving of gas and tires.—*George E. Hamister.*

WE AGREE—BUT THERE ARE ONLY A FEW

DILWORTH, N. C.—We, the undersigned, soldiers of the Army of the United States, see strikes, walkouts, and delayed production. Are we, patriotic Americans doing our utmost for the preservation of liberty and democracy, supposed to continue doing so while the so-called "man behind the man behind the gun," guided by money-mad or Fascist-inspired racketeers, is committing high treason?—*Sgt. R. J. Richards, Sgt. H. A. Ogle.*

THAT'S HIGH PRAISE

MOORHEAD, MINN.—I consider Liberty the best magazine on the newsstands.—*Mrs. John W. Staska.*

WHY CAN'T YOU PEOPLE BE NICE TO EACH OTHER?

ALTOONA, PA.—Any man who condemns a movie after seeing only fifteen minutes of it is either a fool or a crank—or both.

I am referring to R. H. Seer of Danvers, Massachusetts, who, in August 1 Vox Pop, said he and "the wife" left The Male Animal after "fifteen minutes of agony."

Whether or not the picture was good is not the point. The point is the intolerance, that made me so sore I just had to write this letter.

P—u to *you,* Mr Seer—sucker!—*P. L. D.*

ANOTHER ESCAPE FROM SINGAPORE

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—I have just read My Escape from Singapore in July 11 Liberty. I also escaped from Singapore with my two children the end of January, leaving my husband. I presume he is a prisoner. My story is much the same as your writer's, except that we were civilians ordinarily and my husband was in the Volunteer Corps.

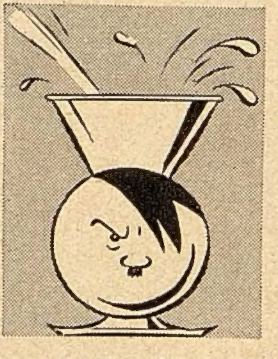
I would like very much to get into touch with your writer. It may be that I know her. We are bound to have mutual acquaintances. I have had news as late as February 11, a letter from a member of the Australian Imperial Forces. I hear regularly from Australia and England, but apparently the Japanese refuse to permit Red Cross onto the Island of Singapore, so there is no possible way to communicate.—*R. P.*

TCH, TCH!

SPOKANE, WASH.—"Liberty has worms." So our club leader said when she saw the weekly display of worms, by Katy.

Perhaps even worms are uplifting to the Liberty staff.—*L. S.*

MAIL HIM A COPY—HE'LL EXPEC-TO-RATE ONE



PEWAMO, MICH.—Speaking of modern art and its commercial possibilities—

They've made a kind of cuspidor
In likeness of one Hitler;
They're selling it from door to door
And calling it "the Spitler"!

No, it isn't stamped "Made in Germany."
—*Frank Kenneth Young.*

ER—WELL, NOW—ER— OH, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!

RICHMOND, IND.—Who is responsible for the rationing that limits a man to one wife?—*Robert Vorn.*

HEY, DOC! THAT'S NOT FAIR AT ALL

AMARILLO, TEX.—Am surprised at Dr. C. W. Billings of Dallas (August 1 Vox Pop) complaining of Ted Shane's Cockeyed Puzzles being hard. After two zombies I find them very intelligent and easy. —*Dr. R. P. Parcells.*

DOESN'T LIKE G. L. K. S.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—I've just finished the first of Walter Winchell's series (August 1 Liberty). I am ashamed to think that such a guy as G. L. K. Smith could even get a start in my home state.—*Corinne Stewy.*

YOU WOULDN'T DO THIS!
RUBE GOLDBERG

BUT . . . *lots of men still get bullied into paying high prices for blades!* Why pay more . . . when 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used . . . Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

NO BETTER BLADES AT ANY PRICE **18 for 25¢**

18
25¢
Berkeley
DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

★ *Buy* UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT *War Bonds and Stamps* ★

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

THE CHICAGO'S DISTINCTIVE HOTEL
BISMARCK
OTTO K. EITEL, Mng. Dir.

Liberty's new weekly service—advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives.

TELETYPE TIPS

HOTTEST PROPOSAL AFFECTING YOUR WAY OF LIFE IN WARTIME IS CURRENTLY BEING TOSSED BACK AND FORTH BY THE WHITE HOUSE AND MAN-POWER CZAR PAUL MCNUTT. PROPOSED "HOT POTATO"IS IN FORM OF A NATIONAL SERVICE BILL COVERING EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IN THE UNITED STATES. BILL PROVIDES FOR DRAFTING EVERY ONE OVER 18, REGARDLESS OF SEX, FOR WAR SERVICE. SERVICE MAY TAKE FORM OF FACTORY WORK, ESSENTIAL CIVILIAN PRODUCTION, OR MILITARY ACTION. PROPOSED BILL ALSO CALLS FOR DRAFTING 18 AND 19 YEAR OLDS FOR MILITARY SERVICE. THE BILL WOULD PREVENT YOU FROM ENLISTING, SINCE ALL RECRUITING WOULD BE HALTED. MCNUTT WOULD BE THE SOLE JUDGE OF THE WARTIME JOB YOU HAVE TO PERFORM.

RESTRICTIONS IN THE MEASURE WOULD ALSO FREEZE YOU IN YOUR PRESENT WAR JOB. NO TRANSFERS TO ANOTHER JOB WOULD BE PERMITTED FOR ANY REASON WITHOUT APPROVAL OF MAN-POWER COMMISSION.

INSIDERS SAY THAT THE BILL IS SO HOT IT WILL PROBABLY BE HELD BACK UNTIL AFTER ELECTION DAY. CONGRESSIONAL APPROVAL UNTIL THEN IS CONSIDERED HIGHLY DOUBTFUL IN OFFICIAL QUARTERS.

ADMINISTRATION CIRCLES TAKING UP THEME "FREE LABOR WILL WIN THE WAR" AS THE NATION'S LABOR DAY MESSAGE TO YOU. MARITIME COMMISSION PLANS TO LAUNCH MORE THAN TWO DOZEN SHIPS ON LABOR DAY NAMED AFTER FAMOUS LABOR LEADERS.

SWEEPING UPWARD REVISIONS OF PRICE YOU PAY FOR FOOD UNDER OPA CEILING IS DUE SOON. NEW ADJUSTMENTS MEAN YOU WILL PAY SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES AT YOUR GROCERY AND FOOD MARKET. PRICE CZAR HENDERSON IS SAID TO HAVE PUT FOOT DOWN ON PLANS FOR ADDITIONAL RAILROAD-FARE INCREASES.

FUEL PROBLEMS ON THE EAST COAST MAY BE PARTIALLY SOLVED BY DRASTIC MOVES NOW PLANNED BY FUEL CO-ORDINATOR ICKES.

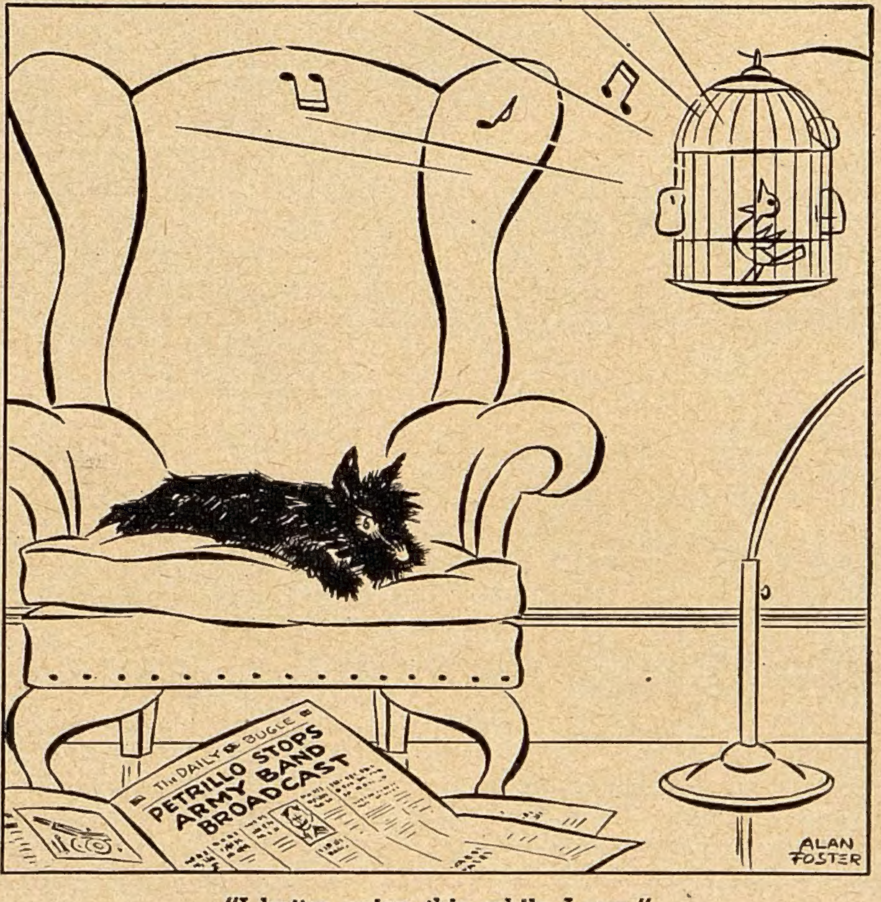
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

DONALD WILHELM, TALKING WITH HENRY FORD on the way to Willow Run for the remarkable article which begins on page 12 this week, might have turned his thoughts backward with interesting effect. He had completed a significant cycle. . . . Back in 1908 Mr. Wilhelm was editor of the first aviation paper, the Aero Daily News of Boston. Orville and Wilbur Wright had made their flight at Kittyhawk only five years before. In that same year of 1908 a Curtiss machine won a trophy by flying a little more than a mile. Bleriot had not yet flown the English Channel. Things in the world of flight have changed a bit in the years between Mr. Wilhelm's editing of his Aero News and his talk with the man who is building bombing planes such as never entered the dreams of Bleriot and the Wrights. We wish we had remembered to ask Mr. Wilhelm if he was sentimental enough to have thought about it.

WILLIAM BENTON JOHNSTON, WHO CONTRIBUTED that memorable Liberty editorial, The Rising Whisper (remember?) is Private William Benton Johnston now. From Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, he writes: "The Army is fine: food, quarters, officers, morale, efficiency—everything! There is a tremendous satisfaction in knowing that you're a part of it; in knowing that, in your small, individual way, you're training to repay some of the goodness this country has given to us so lavishly. I'll probably remain a clumsy-footed buck private all my days, but if that's where I belong, O. K. and no complaints." A personal letter--maybe we shouldn't print it. But if you recall what The Rising Whisper said you'll find this a meaningful postscript. . . . Another private, Richard Litton, whose song, Save the American Way! appeared in Liberty for August 22, writes—also from Georgia: "Thank you and your magazine for your generous award. I was able to buy a hundred-dollar War Bond with the money and thus put into practice the principle I was advocating in the song. I hope it is a success and that the public will respond by following suit." And that, we'd say, is a meaningful postscript too!

The Editors

FALA


The DAILY BUGLE
PETRILLO STOPS ARMY BAND BROADCAST
ALAN FOSTER

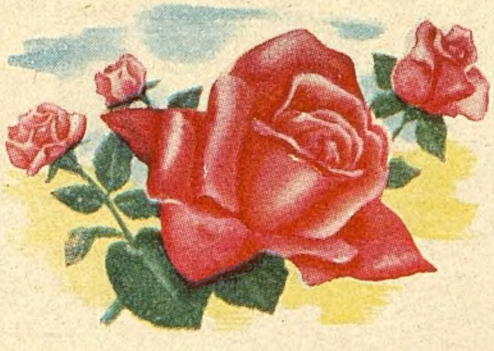
"I better enjoy this while I can."

Liberty Salutes NEW YORK

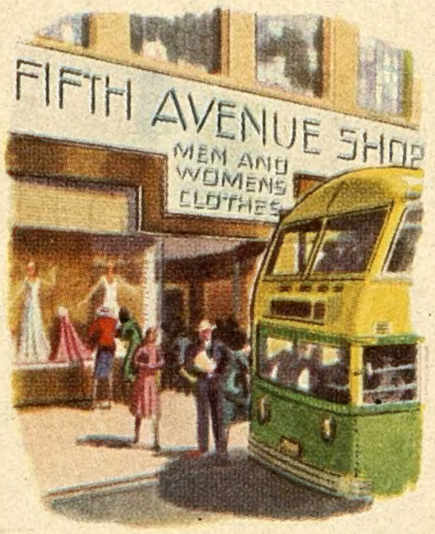
St. Lawrence R.
Lake Champlain
Adirondack Mts.
Lake Ontario
Lake George
Lake Oneida
Mohawk R.
ROCHESTER
N E W Y O R K
BUFFALO
Lake Erie
Genesee R.
Lake Seneca
Lake Cayuga
ALBANY
Catskill Mts.
Delaware R.
Hudson R.
NEW YORK CITY
Long Island

Sunset over the incredible sky line of New York City

COLORPHOTO BY N. Y. DAILY NEWS



THE NEW YORK *state flower, chosen by its people, is the beautiful and fragrant rose. Like the state itself, it is a large "family" with many colors, great variety.*

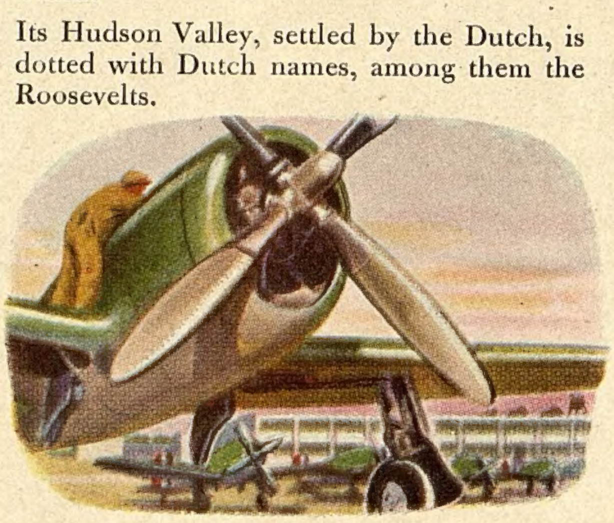

FIFTH AVENUE SHOP
MEN AND WOMENS CLOTHES

COATS, SUITS, DRESSES—*clothes for America, is the state's leading industry. Its heart is Seventh Avenue in New York City where store buyers from all over the country come to choose merchandise.*

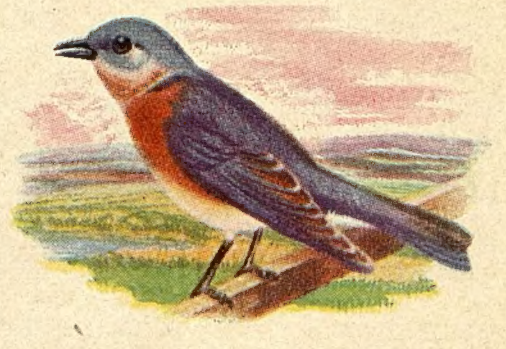
TO most of us, New York means the world's most populous city... the greatest port on the globe... the gateway to freedom for millions of Americans.

New York is all of that, but it is much more. It is almost 50,000 square miles, with hundreds and hundreds of acres of vineyards, orchards, and dairies. It's a state that hums with great industry, making textiles and clothes for America, making planes and plane parts. It is a state honeycombed with waterways, from the famous Erie Canal to the coast line of the Atlantic. It is a state of playgrounds, from its beautiful Adirondacks to its nationally known Coney Island and Jones Beach.

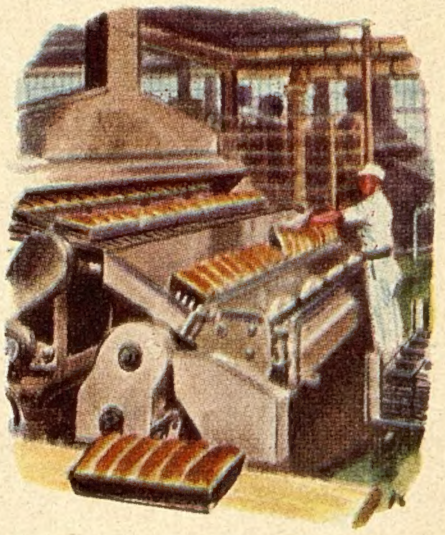
Its Hudson Valley, settled by the Dutch, is dotted with Dutch names, among them the Roosevelts.



PLANES AND PLANE PARTS *to protect all that New York's Statue of Liberty stands for are now the state's second greatest products. These factories are dotted all over the state.*



THE BLUEBIRD, *symbol of happiness, is rightly the symbol of a state that has been the beginning of happiness for uncountable numbers of Old World people coming to a New World.*



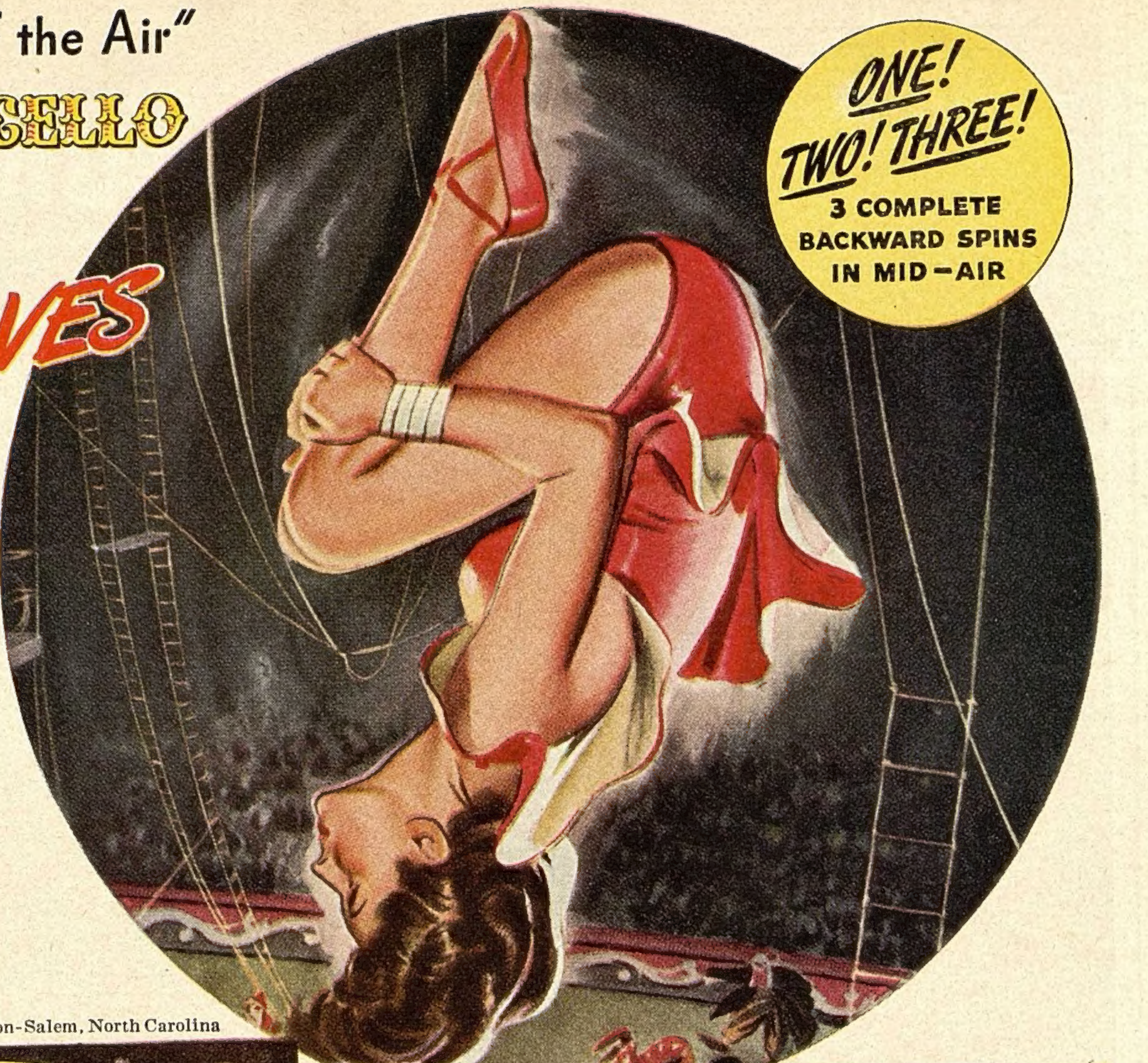
WHEN THE WAR *is won, New York State can resume full production of its normal second industry—bread and bakery products to feed its millions of citizens. Today this industry is third.*

Take it from the "Queen of the Air"

ANTOINETTE CONCELLO

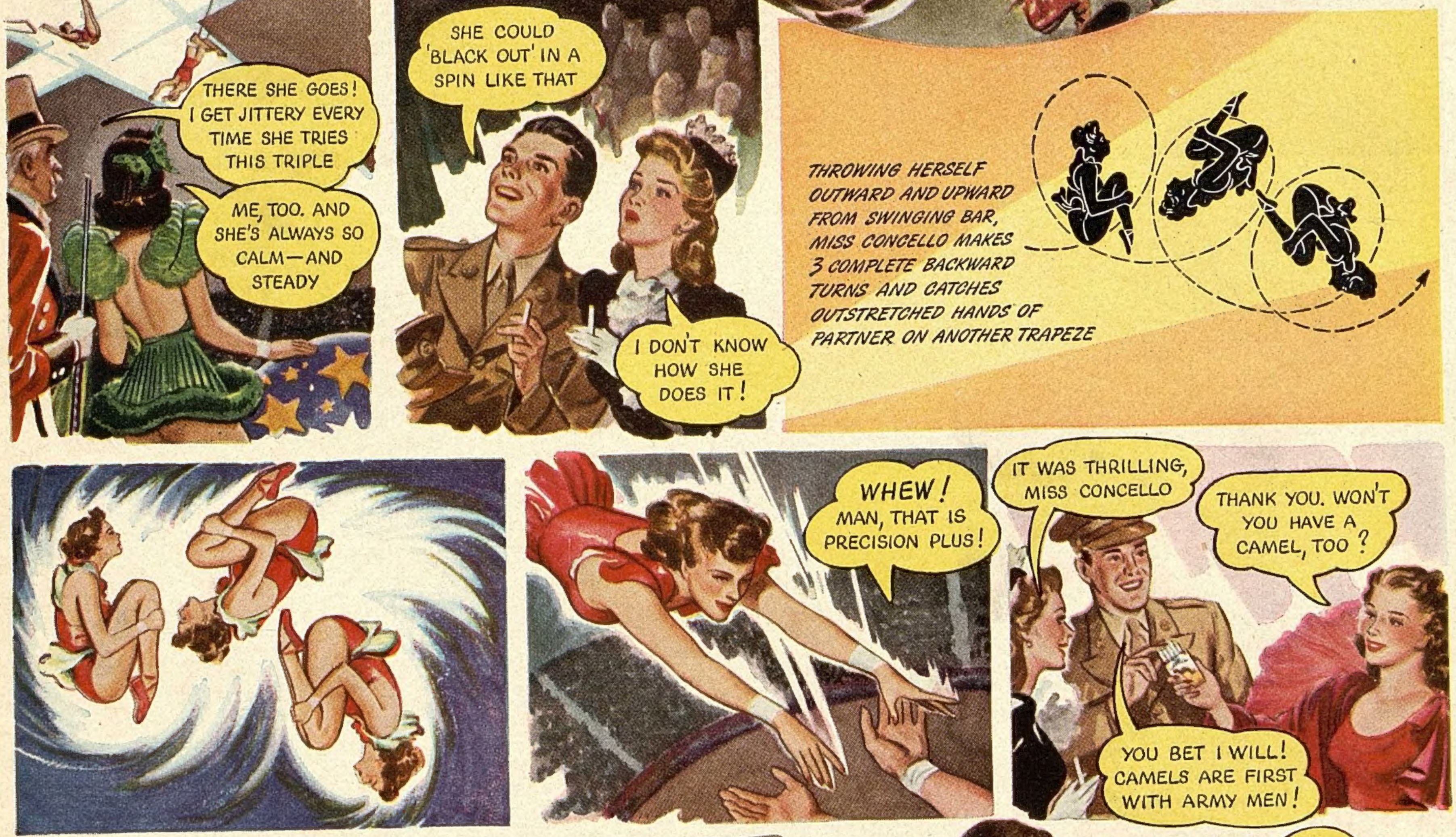
YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

TO BE A TOP-FLIGHT AERIALIST


ONE! TWO! THREE!
3 COMPLETE BACKWARD SPINS IN MID-AIR

● You may not go in for trapeze acrobatics. Even the thought of someone in danger may upset you, but there's a sound tip for any smoker in the fact that among men and women whose jobs demand steady nerves, it's Camels for the mildness that counts. Antoinette Concello (*right*) says: "Camel is one cigarette I really enjoy because of their finer flavor, also because they're extra mild."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina


THERE SHE GOES! I GET JITTERY EVERY TIME SHE TRIES THIS TRIPLE
ME, TOO. AND SHE'S ALWAYS SO CALM—AND STEADY
SHE COULD 'BLACK OUT' IN A SPIN LIKE THAT
I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE DOES IT!
THROWING HERSELF OUTWARD AND UPWARD FROM SWINGING BAR, MISS CONCELLO MAKES 3 COMPLETE BACKWARD TURNS AND CATCHES OUTSTRETCHED HANDS OF PARTNER ON ANOTHER TRAPEZE
WHEW! MAN, THAT IS PRECISION PLUS!
IT WAS THRILLING, MISS CONCELLO
THANK YOU. WON'T YOU HAVE A CAMEL, TOO?
YOU BET I WILL! CAMELS ARE FIRST WITH ARMY MEN!

IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

The smoke of slow-burning

CAMELS

contains **LESS NICOTINE**

than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested... *less than any of them*... according to independent scientific tests of *the smoke itself*!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMELS HAVE THE MILDNESS THAT COUNTS WITH ME. AND THEY HAVE THE GRANDEST FLAVOR!
Antoinette Concello

"Queen of the Air"
Ringling Bros. and
Barnum & Bailey circus